YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

Pictures of Life Aboard an American Submarine

PAGES 12-13

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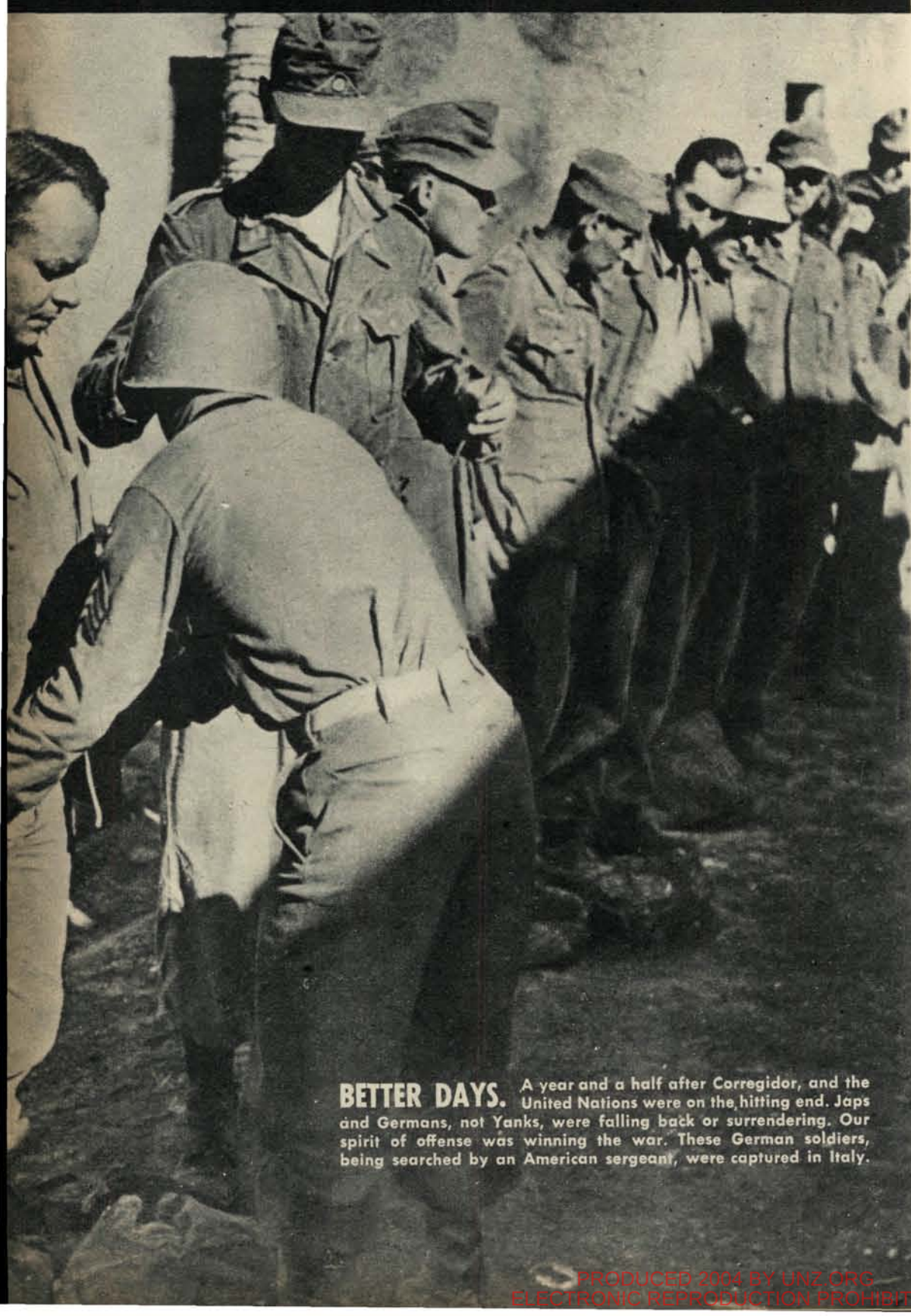
DARK DAYS. In May 1942 these tired, beaten soldiers were herded to prison camps by their grinning conquerors. Corregidor had fallen. Americans wondered how long they would suffer humiliations of defeat and when they could hit back with enough strength to keep going.

THE Carolina maneuvers had just ended and most of us in the Army that Sunday afternoon of Dec. 7, 1941, thought of only one thing when the news of Pearl Harbor came over the squad-room radio. For three months we had been sweating out 5-, 6-and 17-day problems around Camden, Hoffman, Troy, Belmont and the Pee-Dee River, sleeping in beds only on the rare week ends when we were lucky enough to get a pass to Durham or Charlotte and never changing from those blue fatigue clothes and field jackets with the red or blue ribbons around the left shoulders. All during those months we had been counting the days that were left before we could take off on our Christmas furloughs. When we heard about Pearl Harbor that Sunday afternoon, the first words out of almost everybody's mouth were: "Well, there goes our furlough."

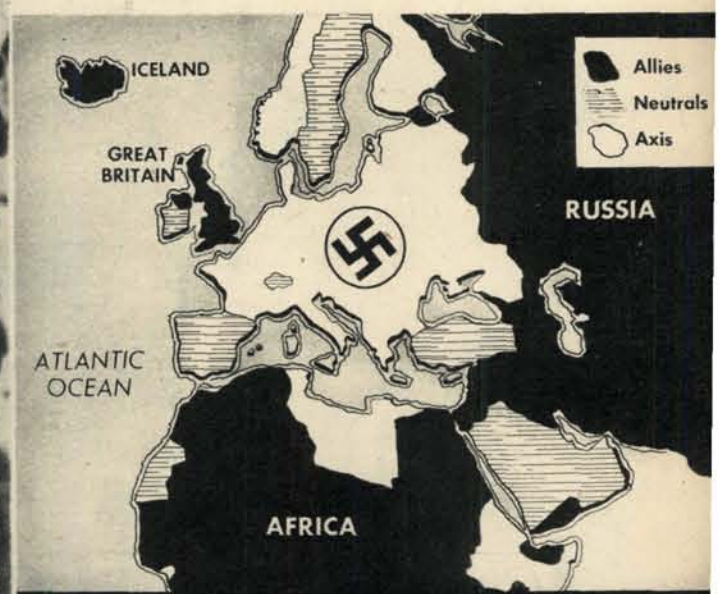
There was plenty of excitement in the Army those next few weeks. A lot of men who were scheduled to be released under the over-28-years-old rule went to the supply room without bothering to ask questions and drew out their equipment again. The guard details were tripled and a lot of new special guards were posted—sabotage guards at the motor pools and aircraft guards in each company area, two or three privates and a noncom pulling 12 hours in a foxhole with a BAR. In fact, during the rest of December and January it seemed as though everybody in the company was either coming off or going on some strange new kind of guard detail.

Then came the day when we heard a latrine rumor about getting Christmas furloughs after all. And the rumor turned out to be true. A week or 10 days instead of the 15 days we had expected before Pearl Harbor, but nobody griped; we were lucky to get anything. About half the company came back from that Christmas furlough married.

December and January were the months of record-breaking enlistments at Army, Navy and Marine recruiting stations. . . . On Jan. 26 the first U.S. troops under Maj. Gen. Russell P. Hartle landed in Northern Ireland; Pvt. Milburn Henke,



BETTER DAYS. A year and a half after Corregidor, and the United Nations were on the hitting end. Japs and Germans, not Yanks, were falling back or surrendering. Our spirit of offense was winning the war. These German soldiers, being searched by an American sergeant, were captured in Italy.



MAP CHANGES. A lot of territory in Europe and Africa has changed hands during America's two years of war. White space on the map above shows Hitler's farthest advances. Notice how it has shrunk on map below, showing 1943 Allied advances in Africa, Italy and Russia.

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Their historic highlights tell an impressive story of America's steady comeback.

23, of Hutchinson, Wis., was the first enlisted man to walk off the gangplank. . . . The same day President Roosevelt, sending congratulations to Gen. MacArthur on his 62d birthday, praised him for the "magnificent stand you and your men are making" in the Philippines.

In February 1942 the Japs invaded Singapore, and American planes went into action over the Netherlands East Indies for the first time. . . . The Navy sank 16 Jap ships in a raid on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands and formed a court of inquiry to investigate the burning of the *Normandie*. . . . Boston and 18 Connecticut coast towns underwent their first blackout test. . . . U. S. troops arrived at Canton Island, Curacao, Aruba, Bora Bora, Christmas Island and Egypt. . . . An Axis submarine shelled Santa Barbara, Calif., in the first attack of the war on the American mainland. . . . The Army was streamlined into three divisions—the Air Forces, Ground Forces and Service Forces.

The next month Gen. MacArthur eluded the Japs and escaped from Bataan, arriving in Australia to take command of the Allied forces in the Southwest Pacific. . . . Secretary of War Stimson drew the first number from the goldfish bowl to start the new draft of men between 20 and 44. . . . Yanks arrived at Chile, Ascension Island, New Caledonia and Efate Island. . . . Congress approved a bill creating the WAAC.

In April 1942 the Navy for the first time in history opened combat units to Negroes. . . . Three soldiers were shot to death in a fight over use of a telephone at Fort Dix, N. J. . . . Bataan fell on the morning of the 9th, with more than 35,000 soldiers surrendering after three months of heroic resistance. . . . The bloody siege of Corregidor began. . . . On Apr. 18, Tokyo and other Jap cities were bombed in the famous carrier-based raid led by Lt. Col. James H. Doolittle. . . . The first issue of *Stars and Stripes* appeared in London. . . . U. S. troops arrived at Labrador.

In May 1942 Corregidor fell to the Japs after 24 hours of savage hand-to-hand fighting; Lt. Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright and 11,574 Americans and Filipinos surrendered 150 days after the war began. . . . American troops arrived in China, India, Espiritu Santo, New Zealand, Liberia, Venezuela, Galapagos and Tongatabu. . . . The House started the ball rolling to raise the private's pay from $30 a month to $50. . . . Gasoline rationing began in 17 Eastern states. . . . The Navy announced that it had 15 battleships in service and 15 more under construction, against a total of 14 Jap battleships built and building. . . . Lt. Gen. Joseph Stilwell, commander of U. S. forces in China, Burma and India and leader of the Fifth and Sixth Chinese Armies, completed his historic trek to India and declared: "I claim we got a hell of a beating. We got run out of Burma and it is as humiliating as hell. I think we ought to find out what caused it, go back and retake it." . . . The Senate Military Affairs Committee approved the bill for dependency allotments. . . . Ted Williams, star Boston Red Sox outfielder, enlisted in the Navy to fly.

In June 1942 the Japs made their nervy but unsuccessful air attack on Dutch Harbor, Alaska. . . . Nine days later, in a thick fog, enemy troops landed on the Aleutians without opposition from Americans, who were not there. . . . The Army began to call 1-Bs—men with slight physical defects—to do limited service. . . . For the first time new Army inductees were granted leaves of 14 days to wind up their personal affairs. . . . The memorable American victory at the Battle of Midway pushed its way into the pages of history. . . . YANK, the new Army magazine, published its first issue for overseas distribution only. . . . Eight Nazi saboteurs, loaded with TNT, $149,748.76 and German orders to wreck vital American installations, were landed by subs on the Long Island and Florida coasts—and were caught by the FBI. . . . The War Department announced that no American soldier in any foreign country or possession could marry without the approval of his commanding officer. . . . It was reported that the Army already had begun negotiations for 1,000,000 service ribbons for an army of occupation in Germany. . . . The War Department

Little Boys Shouldn't Play With Matches.

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We drove the Japanese from Guadalcanal.

established the European Theater of Operations under Maj. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. . . . U. S. troops arrived at the Bahamas. . . . American planes bombed Wake Island, flying 2,400 miles to do it. . . . On July 4, American crews, borrowing RAF planes, made the first official U. S. raid on continental Europe.

The Solomons campaigns started in August 1942, when Marines scrambled ashore at Tulagi and Guadalcanal. . . . The airborne division was established by the Army. . . . Clark Gable enlisted in the Army as a private and went at once to the Air Force OCS at Florida, while Rudy Vallee became a chief petty officer in the Coast Guard. . . . Some U. S. Rangers joined the British and Canadians in the murderous Dieppe raid. . . . The 1-B classification was killed, and a man was either fit for Army service or was simply 4-F.

In September and October of 1942 the Japs came within 32 miles of Port Moresby, their closest approach to Australia. . . . Capt. E. V. (Eddie) Rickenbacker, ace of the first World War, crashed in the Pacific and for 23 days clung to a raft before he and six companions were rescued. . . . The Alaska Military Highway officially opened for business. . . . November 1942 marked the great Allied invasion of North Africa under Lt. Gen. Eisenhower. Landings were made at Oran, Casablanca and Algiers. . . . U. S. airborne troops in force penetrated Jap lines near Buna on New Guinea. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt turned up suddenly in Great Britain to talk to GIs. . . . . The Army announced it would make barracks out of more than 300 Miami Beach and Surfside hotels. . . . The Navy trounced Jap warships in another great victory when the Nips tried to retake Guadalcanal.

In December 1942 we heard that almost 1,000,000 in the armed services were overseas at some 65 places throughout the world. . . . The year's production had totaled 49,000 planes, 32,000 tanks and self-propelled artillery, 17,000 antiaircraft guns and 8,200,000 tons of merchant shipping. . . . The new P-47 Thunderbolt reached the record speed of 725 miles an hour in a power dive from 35,000 feet. . . . U. S. soldiers took Buna on New Guinea. . . . The Army Specialized Training Program, designed to enroll 250,000 soldiers in some 300 colleges, was announced by the War Department . . . The OWI reported that "no American Army in all history has been so orderly," mainly because there was no "excessive drinking" by soldiers.

THE year 1943 began with the activation of the Fifth Army under command of Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark. . . . The Marines at Guadalcanal were relieved by an Army force, under Maj. Gen. Alexander M. Patch. . . . A unified draft system was

We drove the Axis out of North Africa.

adopted for all four of the armed services. . . . U. S. Flying Fortresses and Liberators, led by Brig. Gen. H. S. Hansell Jr. made the first all-American heavy raid on Germany.

February 1943 marked the first American defeat by Nazis at Faid and Kasserine in Tunisia, but the Yanks, jolted from their positions, hit back within five days and retook their original ground. . . . Rationing of shoes on the home front went into effect. . . . The Army cleared the last of the Japs out of Guadalcanal on Feb. 9 as official tabulations put the enemy total in the whole campaign at 30,000 to 50,000 men, 1,100 planes and 72 ships. . . . Lt. Gen. Eisenhower was promoted to a full general and put in command over all Allied forces in North Africa. . . . U. S. forces occupied the Russell Islands. . . . Gen. Arnold declared he would keep "an appointment in Berlin" on Feb. 14, 1944. . . . The venereal-disease rate in the Army and Navy was reported to be about 40 per 1,000, the lowest in American military history. . . . Joe DiMaggio, Yankee outfielder, enlisted in the Army.

Early in March 1943 U. S. Air Forces in the Pacific annihilated a 22-ship Jap convoy in the famous Bismarck Sea engagement. . . . The Fourteenth U. S. Air Force was activated in China under Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault. . . . The American 1st Division drove 30 miles to take Gafsa in Tunisia.

In May 1943 Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, former Armored Forces commander, was appointed U. S. commander in the ETO. . . . In Africa the American II Corps captured the big naval base at Bizerte in a nine-mile advance, entering the city five minutes before the British First Army seized Tunis in a double thrust that bottled up the retreating Nazis. . . . On May 12 Axis resistance collapsed in North Africa, and in a victory hailed as "one of the most complete and decisive in history" the Allies ended the campaign, which cost the Axis 324,000 casualties in the last few weeks alone and toll of 1,795 planes, against 18,558 U. S. casualties since the African landing and a total of fewer than 70,000 Allied casualties. . . . Army troops landed on Attu in the Aleutians, and in three weeks of savage fighting killed more than 2,000 Japs, taking only 24 prisoners. U. S. losses were more than 1,500.

In June Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, U. S. Eighth Air Force commander, declared U. S. air units in England were growing steadily at a rate of 15 to 30 percent a month and the War Department revealed that more than 2,000,000 U. S. troops were overseas. . . . The movement of troops overseas resulted in the cancelation of Army Air Forces leases on 206 of 434 hotels in the East and South. . . . In a sudden, brilliant move U. S. troops landed at Rendova, five miles from the Jap base at Munda, New Georgia.

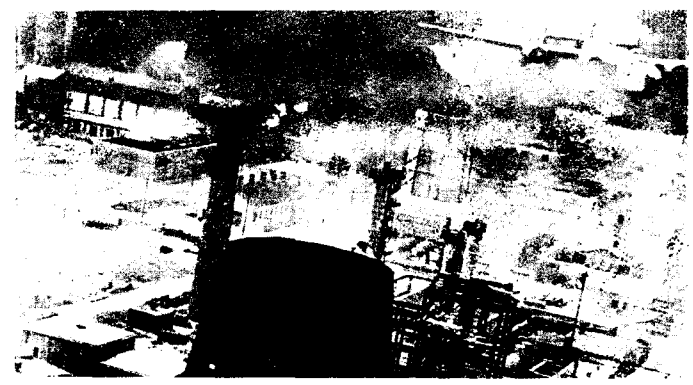
July 1943 was an impressive month. . . . The Yanks secured their hold on Rendova, landing the next day at Nassau Bay, New Guinea, 750 miles across the South Pacific, and seizing the tiny islands of Woodlark and Trobriand, in a great three-prong drive aimed at the eventual surrounding of the kingpin Jap base at Rabaul, some 400 miles north. Within seven days U. S. forces landed on Munda, and the long hard push up the New Guinea coast to Lae and Salamaua and up the string of islands in the Solomons—*New Georgia, Vangunu, Kolombangara, Vella* Lavella, Choiseul, Bougainville—was under way. . . . The scoreboard of operations for the U. S. Eighth Air Force since its first raid on July 4, 1942, revealed that the Yanks had dropped 11,423 tons of bombs in 68 daylight missions over 102 enemy targets, losing 276 bombers against 1,199 enemy planes destroyed, 525 probably destroyed and 501 damaged. . . . The invasion of Sicily, involving more than 3,000 ships, began on the night of July 9, when U. S. glider and parachute troops landed behind the southern coast, and the following morning 160,000 Allied troops, under a formidable air and sea cover, pushed ashore along a 100-mile beachhead. The 39-day campaign, which began the liberation of Europe, cost the Axis more than 135,000 prisoners and 32,000 killed and wounded, and the Allies 21,623 killed, wounded and captured, including 7,500 U. S. casualties. . . . About 500 Allied planes, most of them American, bombed Rome for the first time, selecting only military targets and risking grave danger in their determination to bomb no churches or historic places. . . . Six days later Mussolini quit. . . . The Army revealed that 1,000,000 illiterates had been rejected and every first sergeant found himself quizzically stared at.

On Aug. 1, 1943, more than 175 U. S. Liberators from the Middle East dropped 300 tons of bombs on the Ploesti (Rumania) oil refineries in the biggest low-level mass raid in aviation history, smashing six of the 13 refineries. . . . The Fourteenth Air Force in China reported a 13-month tally of more than 600 Jap planes destroyed or probably destroyed against only 51 U. S. planes lost. . . . U. S. planes bombed Rome a second time, and American warships shelled the Italian mainland. . . . Yanks seized Lipari and Stromboli, islands in the Tyrrhenian Sea north of Sicily, while on the other end of the world U. S. troops landed on Kiska unopposed, finding that some 10,000 Japs had slipped away in the fog. . . . The Navy reorganized its air arm.

In September 1943 the long-awaited conquest of Europe began when Allied planes and ships covered the successive landings of the British Eighth Army on Italy on Sept. 3 and the Allied Fifth Army at Salerno on Sept. 9. Although Italy surrendered unconditionally and gave up her fleet, the Germans took over and swept southward to meet the invasion, while Yanks and Tommies, after the crucial few days at Salerno, successfully joined forces across Italy's "ankle" on Sept. 17 and 14 days later marched into Naples. . . . In the Pacific U. S. forces attacked Jap-held Marcus Island, Tarawa, Makin, Apamama and Nauru, flying more than 200 sorties and in some of the attacks using both land-based bombers and carrier-task forces. . . . Hundreds of U. S. paratroopers, under Gen. MacArthur's personal command, dropped on Markham Valley, west of Lae in New Guinea, in one of the war's largest parachute jumps and seized the enemy airfield, paving the way for the capture of the two vital Jap bases at Lae and Salamaua. . . . The new B-29 was announced when Gen. Arnold revealed that giant bombers "dwarfing" Flying Fortresses would be used in the near future. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt, visiting the Southwest Pacific front, found many fathers already in the service despite the talk of an "impending" father draft.

In October 1943 the largest air force ever gathered in the Southwest Pacific blasted the Japs at Rabaul, in the first of a series of smashing raids that already have accounted for 11 Jap cruisers and 16 destroyers either lost or damaged. . . . Heavy U. S. bombers effectively shortened the war in one raid on the vital Schweinfurt ball-bearing plants in Germany at a cost of 60 Flying Fortresses. . . . U. S. troops landed on Mono and Stirling Islands, 40 miles south of Bougainville. . . . American paratroops dropped on Choiseul Island. . . . In the 31 days of October the U. S. Eighth Air Force dropped 5,551 tons of bombs over Europe.

U. S. Marines opened November 1943 with an invasion at Empress Augusta Bay on Bougain-



We knocked out the Ploesti oil refineries.

ville, at a spot only 250 miles from the Japs' great base at Rabaul and then fought off a Jap land force north of their position. . . . The new U. S. Fifteenth Air Force was established in the Mediterranean for intensified bombing of Germany and her eastern satellites. . . . Adm. C. W. Nimitz, commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, warned that "Japan so far has used only about 10 percent of its troops in the island fighting." . . . The *Normandie* was delivered, upright, to the Navy. . . . The dimout was replaced by the brownout.

AS WE look back over those two years, many of the events seem to have happened not two but 20 years ago, for war slows the clock. Now it's almost Christmas again. And our greatest wish—still—is to get home.

Next year's events seem already to be shaping themselves in our minds. The Allies reach the Alps. . . . The Red Army crosses into Germany. . . . The greatest invasion in the history of the world sails for France. . . . Hitler is assassinated and Germany surrenders unconditionally. . . . Combined British and American navies and air fleets turn toward Tokyo. . . . Tojo nobly commits *hara-kiri* and Japan sues for surrender. . . . Each GI can probably take it up from there.

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MUDDY AFTERNOON IN ITALY

A FIFTH ARMY JEEP SLITHERS THROUGH THE THICK ITALIAN MUD. LONG WEEKS OF RAIN HAVE CHURNED UP THE GROUND AND TURNED JEEP DRIVERS INTO FATALISTS.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The road through the valley was thick with mud that looked like chocolate-colored whipped cream. The rain dripped steadily from the gray sky, blanketing out the mountains in the distance. Trucks slithered heavily along the road, trying to follow the ruts left by other trucks.

The attack had been successful that morning and two battalions of Infantry now occupied the high ground at the end of the valley. The trucks were bringing up supplies; an ammunition dump had already been established at the base of a hill, and even the tanks were moving up.

The Regimental CP had pulled out as soon as the CO saw that his attack was in. Only two of the drivers from the intelligence platoon were left, waiting for some of their men to come down from observation posts that had been made obsolete by the attack. The drivers stood by the side of the road, taking the misery of the weather in their stride, acutely conscious of the fact that they had driven in worse weather before and would do so again. They stood by their two jeeps and talked of life and second lieutenants.

"Now you take that new lieutenant," one of the drivers said. "That there Ninety-Day Wonder."

"Which Ninety-Day Wonder?" the other driver said. "We got lots of them."

"You know which one I mean, Sam," the first driver said. "The one with the pipe like he's still in college."

"Oh, *him*," Sam said.

"Why, today I had to show him which way the front was," the first driver said.

"Now, Jesse," said the other.

"I hope to fall right down in a dead faint," Jesse said. "Why, that man couldn't find a hog in a phone booth. He don't even have the cosmoline out of his ears yet."

"Now, Jesse," Sam said. "The lieutenant's all right. He's just young, that's all. You got to excuse them when they're young."

"You got to excuse them," Jesse said. "All I got to do is listen to them."

He started to say something else, but stopped to watch with professional interest as a two-and-a-half almost slid into a ditch.

"Pull her sharp to the left," Jesse called.

The truck driver pulled her sharp to the left and nearly turned over. He stopped cursing the truck long enough to lean out and say a few things to Jesse.

"Mind your manners," Jesse said.

The truck pulled out safely and moved on down the road, and a line of tanks followed it up. The tanks were open at the top, with a man in each turret manning a .50 caliber. They stopped, leaving one tank abreast of Sam and Jesse. The man in this turret was very wet and looked as if he had ulcers.

"Get a horse," Jesse called.

"Why don't you think of something original?" the tankman said disgustedly.

Jesse made a few more tentative comments about what tanks were good for, without appreciable results, and then he suddenly stopped talking. There was the sound of firing up ahead. There was the sudden roar of motors and Sam said, "Jerry planes!"

The tankman didn't look so ulcerish and swung his gun around until it faced the motor sound, now growing louder. Jesse jumped for his jeep, which mounted a .30-caliber machine gun, and started feverishly to prime the piece.

Sam hit the ground, together with everyone else in the vicinity, and the tanks opened up with the 50s. The motor sound grew very loud, and then a plane swept overhead, going very fast and low, the crosses on the wings very big and the flame licking at the sides where the guns were. It was low enough for the men on the ground to see the pilot, who was bareheaded with blond curly hair. Then it was gone, the guns swinging around to follow and the ack-ack increasing down the line. Jesse was still working on his gun.

Then there was another roar and the tanks fired again. Another plane appeared, a little higher this time, its motor drowning out everything else. When it was overhead the plane banked suddenly on one wing and a thing like a football came shooting out, arching over the tanks. Everyone ducked and there was a loud explosion and the plane was gone. The ack-ack followed it along, growing fainter, and finally stopped. Everyone scrambled to his feet. Jesse was still trying to get his gun together.

"You can come away from that now," Sam said gently. "They've gone."

Jesse climbed out of his jeep. "I got to get that thing fixed," he said.

"I wonder did he hit anything," Sam said. "Hey," he said to the tankman. "Did you see where the bomb hit?"

"Didn't hit none of our tanks," the tankman said.

"What did you hit?" Jesse said.

"I didn't hit a damn thing," the tankman said sourly. There was the sound of motors high in the air and then the sound of ack-ack up ahead.

"There they go," Sam said. He pointed up. Very high and just about to enter the clouds were three planes with square wingtips. Tracer bullets followed them up, but they weren't coming anywhere near. The planes entered the clouds and were out of sight.

"I wonder did they get the ammunition dump," Sam said.

THE tanks started their motors again and moved slowly up the road, flattening the mud as they went. A jeep came down from the direction of the front, and Jesse hailed the driver and asked if the ammunition dump had been hit.

The driver shook his head. "Not that I know," he said. "Only thing I know they hit was Jake Hamburg."

"Not Master Sgt. Hamburg out of Service Company?" Sam said.

"The very same," the driver said. "Caught him right in the seat of the pants as he was pulling for an inside straight."

"My," Jesse said.

"Hurt him bad?" Sam asked.

The driver shook his head again. "Just humiliating," he said. He threw the jeep into gear and moved on down the road.

"This war is getting dangerous," Jesse said.

"Naw," Sam said. "It's just what you get for trying to fill an inside straight."

The two of them returned to their jeeps and sat without talking. The rain still fell quietly and steadily. The last of the tanks had passed and the trucks were coming down the road again. It was getting dark.

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TANKERS IN TUNISIA

These combat stories, told by the men of the Armored Forces in North Africa last April when the going was tough, should be read by every GI in the Army.

YANK reprints here selections from "Tankers in Tunisia," an excellent book of first-hand combat reports collected in Africa by Brig. Gen. T. J. Camp and now used as a training manual by the Armored Forces. But it is full of valuable advice for the Infantry and Artillery as well as tankers.

FOXHOLE INSURANCE PAID DIVIDENDS.

SGT. Baskem Bennett, Tank Commander, —— Armored Division: We had started across the field when suddenly 10 German tanks came up on our flank. They opened up on me and hit me three or four times before they came through. Meanwhile we were firing continually.

About that time two 77-mm shells went through the turret and I discovered that my tank was on fire. I called down to the driver and radio man, but they must have been hit, because they didn't answer. The tank was burning badly now so I jumped out with the remainder of my crew. Our tank was burning yet, but it just kept going forward, and we jumped into a ditch and watched it go.

Soon we were surrounded by German tanks. We lay in the ditch for several hours until one of the German tanks started toward us. We thought he was going to run us down so we stood up with our hands over our heads. The German officer in the tank spoke good English. He asked me where our sidearms were and we told him we didn't have any.

He asked where our carrier was and we pointed to our tank which had traveled several hundred yards down the field before burning out completely.

The German officer then pointed towards our lines and told us to go, so we took off quickly.

Sgt. James H. Bowser, Tank Commander, —— Armored Division: The gunnery instruction they gave us in the States was good. There's just one thing you must remember when you're fighting Germans. When you shoot at them they stop and try to kid you into thinking you knocked them out. Then when you turn your back on them, they open up again. We shoot until they stop and then keep shooting until they burn up. . . .

It's a good idea, too, to check your ammunition closely. Once I had to climb out of a tank during an action to ram a bent shell case out of my gun, and then hurry back in before the machine guns got me. . . .

Sgt. William T. Etritge, —th Armored Infantry: Three main things that I think are important: The first is to keep your weapons clean—they won't fire if you don't. Stay under cover. I have had men who were not under cover and they haven't come back. Then get all the fire on the enemy that you can. . . . My men were jumpy but they are better now. We get plenty to eat and get a canteen of water a day.

The enemy has a good machine gun, but if you can get through you have got him. You can get away from his artillery and his mortars.

Three days ago we were going to attack; we were going toward the hill. I put scouts out in front. The enemy let my scouts get within 20 to 25 yards of them and, I guess thinking we were all there, put mortar fire behind us and opened up with machine-gun fire ahead. They got my two scouts. The scouts had got close enough so that they couldn't be hit by mortar or machine gun, but it looked as if they were hand-grenaded. The grenades set the grass on fire under the scouts and when one got up to put out the fire they got him. We seen we could not get past the machine gun so we were ordered to withdraw.

I would say the enemy's best shots use telescopic sights. Nobody could see that long a distance and be as accurate. One took a piece out of the seat of my pants at what seemed a very long distance. Without a telescope, he could not see to shoot that close.

At one place the enemy had machine guns placed and protected by snipers. We were to take the hill. I was 200 to 250 yards from the enemy and was lying down. I seen a sniper from the top of his nose up. I knew that it would take a good shot and I had my rifle pointed in his direction. I decided to wait and finally he moved up to chest height and I squeezed one off but didn't hit him. Then I seen another, just his helmet. Then he raised and I squeezed another one off. I got him; he raised up on his toes and fell over. I never did get any fire from them. . . .

Sgt. Leland A. Sutherland, —th Armored Infantry: We were attached to the 2d Battalion when the last attack was made and we came under fire. Just the minute we got up there we made a night attack. The scouts drew enemy fire. All the machine guns fired and the men had to learn one thing—that was to stay down. I lost three men. I can harp and preach but the men won't get down. . . . I have learned that artillery couldn't hurt you if you just got down in a foxhole while the firing was going on. The men soon learned to get down while they are firing.

They have guns set up that don't have a grazing fire, but cross-fire. They are set up to get you on the sky line.

I have no experience to relate, but have had the hell scared out of me here for a month or so. I have learned that we have to play for keeps. One thing them Germans and Italians are like, a corporal in my platoon says—like gray squirrels; they can't stay still, and all you have to do is lay down and shoot them as they pop up. . . .

Pvt. Jack Moore —th Infantry: It seems like everything the enemy uses is designed to harass a man. They start firing at night and the guns seem to crack overhead, and it makes it seem as if they were right on top of you. Their tracers seem to have curves on them. But if you wait, and take it easy, you can soon tell where they are. They have flares that make it look like convoys coming down the road, and they have flares that are good for nothing but make it seem like an attack is taking place. They have snipers that don't have much of a chance of hitting anything but scare the hell out of you. I am not afraid of it now anymore, but last Monday we took a pretty good beating from their artillery. It was our second attack and many men were pretty scared, but you readily realize that if you are in the ground it is pretty ineffective. I try to tell the men to take it easy. . . . No matter how long a man has been in the Army, until he hears that first one go over, he is a rookie.

Lt. Col. L. V. Hightower, Executive Officer, —— Armored Division: In tank fighting nothing is more important than expert reconnaissance of your routes of advance and withdrawal. . . . In this country, too, we've learned to move slowly so as not to reveal our positions. You can't boil up to battle at high speed without broadcasting your coming in a big cloud of dust. . . .

The basic training they had in the States means a lot to our boys over here. Every time they hit the ground you'll find them digging a helluva big hole. I have yet to see one man get hit in a properly dug slit trench. One of my lads dug a shallow one and he came out with a bullet hole clear through the cheeks of his tail. You don't have to mention light discipline to them. They'll whoop and holler at anyone who uses a light at night, regardless of rank.

We've also learned that it's important for everyone to know what to do with wounds, especially shock. Although I saw one man die of shock from a simple hand wound, I've also seen our men save almost 500 casualties by prompt treatment of their wounds with sulfa drugs and proper treatment for shock. Most of the sulfa drugs are administered by the men themselves. . . .

When the Germans go into position they'll hide their guns and tanks in anything, including Arab huts. And then they dress their personnel in Arab garb while going to and from their positions. Usually they'll try to suck you inside of a 1,200-yard range. They frequently use machine guns to range themselves in, and you can duck their shells by watching their machine-gun fire. When they're moving they'll shoot at anything that looks suspicious and they'll generally knock down every Arab hut in sight. We think that's a good idea and are beginning to follow suit. Sometimes they'll get the range with high burst smoke shells. But when we see three of those in a line we take off—that's the high sign for the Stukas. When firing, we always shoot low—even the ricochets will hit them. Most of our misses have been high. . . .

Sgt. Becker, —— Armored Regiment: It's a funny thing, being tank commander. You have got to run the crew, be stern and show leadership. I had a new driver for an M3 tank. I told him to drive up a slope to a certain place and then stop. He got excited and went all the way up the hill. I told him to back up to the right place. He got excited again and went all the way back down the hill. He wouldn't listen to the interphone communication so I hollered to the 37 gunner to stop him, as I had my head out. Finally we stopped him and we drove up to a safe firing place and I asked him why he didn't pay attention to me.

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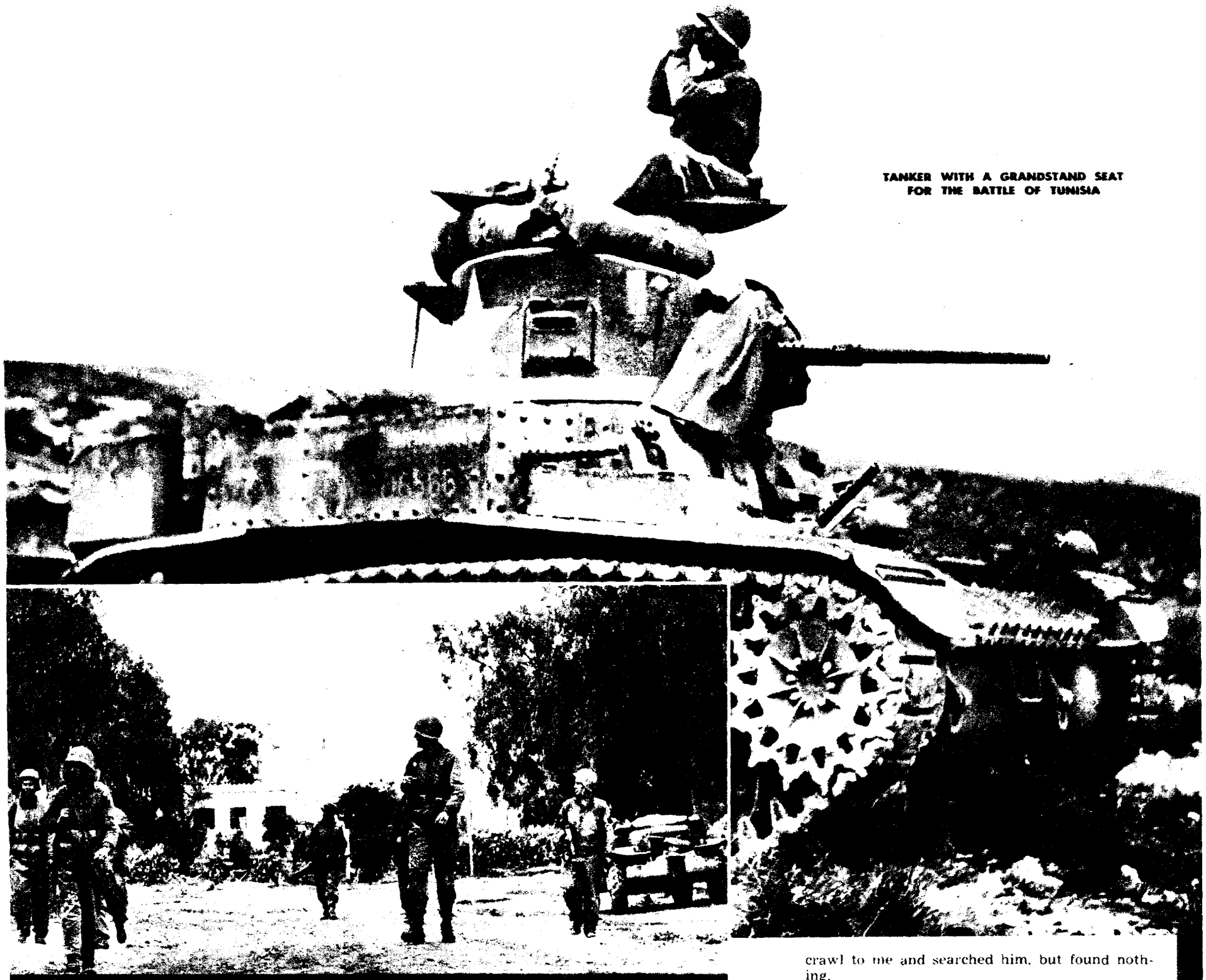

TANKER WITH A GRANDSTAND SEAT FOR THE BATTLE OF TUNISIA

INFANTRYMEN OF THE FIRST ARMORED DIVISION TAKE A TOWN IN THE TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN.

Overnight, I explained how I wanted him to drive and how I wanted him to pay attention, and I told him if he didn't I would close his slot up completely and make him drive blind. That fixed him. I think I have a good driver now. . .

Capt. Gail H. Brown, —th Infantry: . . . Something that I noticed the first night we hit here and made the attack toward the big hill was a massing of troops when they came under fire. They herded together like sheep. I was weapons commander at the time. I found machine guns emplaced close together and where they had no field of fire. The heavy machine guns and light machine guns were placed close together. However, after organizing my own machine guns and mortars and trying to help the infantry to spread out and get a field of fire, they actually learned for themselves, because that night enemy artillery and mortar fell on us. As it was they were spread out and well dispersed. The troops learn fast.

The next thing that I find important is the getting of information down to the troops, for the very simple reason that they don't know what is happening and they don't know what to expect and what to do at the proper time. It has been emphasized before, but the officers don't seem to realize the importance of it. The discipline is very good and the morale high. Replacements seem to help in this because it seems the men have someone new to talk to and tell stories to. At one time we were to get replacements and were told that they were coming in but they didn't come. The morale went down a lot that night. Last night they came in and we told them to dig foxholes and everything that we had learned by experience. The replacements look like a good bunch of boys. They were a little scared at first because they didn't know what to expect and the people at the rear told them so many different stories. The replacements arrived last night and received baptism of mortar fire this morning. Nobody was hurt because they dug all night and had good foxholes. . .

S/Sgt. William Hagler, — Armored Regiment: At Smitty's farm at Medjez-el-Bab on Dec. 10, Germans packed mud on the turrets of their Mark IV tanks to make them look like our M4 tanks. Our own foot reconnaissance picked this up and we were ready for it. Our position was of stationary disguised artillery. We waited until the Mark IVs were within 800 yards, then opened fire. We got five Mark IVs, one of our M3 tanks being used by the Germans and one German motorcyclist in a U. S. Army combat suit. We found only three guns. The German tanks were carrying shock troops.

At El Guettar on Mar. 31 I was protecting the company commander's left flank. His platoon lost one vehicle from 88 fire. He knocked out one 88. By looking through my glasses, I saw it roll over. I knocked one motorcyclist off his cycle with a .45-caliber pistol and broke his hip. I made him crawl to me and searched him, but found nothing.

Heavy artillery fire was going on with air bursts. I was in a sweat. One crew of my platoon abandoned its tank, which had been hit. Later the company commander, 1st Lt. Boresh, with a driver, went back under fire and recovered the tank. I saw a cyclist getting away and thought he was a messenger, so I shot a super HE ahead of him and he ran into the burst. Pretty expensive shot, but he was out of .30-caliber range.

Afterwards we assembled, gathered the wounded and came out by a roundabout route. I was covering the retreat. I saw a gun crew running to their gun and gave them four supers. They got in the way and we went on. . . .

Spare parts we get now by robbing the battlefields. . . . At present the clothes I have on are all that I have. I wash them in gasoline and they dry in about five minutes. . . . Every man must know his job and the tank commander must know them all. The most important thing I have learned here is the German employment in depth of antitank guns. In tank versus tank, our M4s can handle them two to one.

Sgt. George Cleland, —th Armored Infantry: Men in the States should be trained to dig foxholes. It will save lives. Foxholes are better than slit trenches because they protect a man more and you can fire out of a foxhole and you can't very well out of a slit trench. . . . The first thing I would stress to a new man is leadership. I would make the man have confidence in his leader, and train him in every weapon, camouflage and to dig foxholes; also to cover up tin cans. Tin cans reflect light and give away positions. . . .

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GAGS FROM NEW GUINEA

NEW GUINEA—The old gag about bringing a parachute back if it doesn't open was matched on the morning of the amphibious landing near Lae, New Guinea. U. S. amphibian engineers found this notice among their M-1 cartridge clips:

"Return this card to Denver Ordnance Plant when reporting any defects in these cartridges."

Closed for Inventory

Between heavy Jap bombings during the early stages of the Lae battle, a GI asked his supply sergeant for a new helmet. He had lost his old one during a night movement.

"Sorry," said the supply sergeant, pointing to several boxes full of new helmets, "but they can't be given out yet. We have to take inventory."

The Yank was not to be turned down so easily. "Listen, sarge," he came back, "we're in a combat area now. And everything is expendable—especially us."

The sergeant gave him a helmet.

Mess Call

A bunch of amphibian engineers were lined up for chow around noontime one day during the invasion when Jap bombers dropped some eggs. Everybody jumped for a slit trench.

The Jap planes had scarcely had time to unload the bombs and pass on when T-4 C. S. Dodson, a mess sergeant from Mount Pleasant, Tex., bellowed at the Yanks in the ground:

"C'mon, you guys, git out of yore holes and git yore chow while it's hot. This ain't no all-day all-night restaurant."

Aussie Optimism

Americans handling supplies at Busu Village noticed that the Aussies left their big packs and most of their personal gear behind with a few guards when they pushed toward Lae.

Accustomed to lugging around a 40-pound jungle pack, a Yank asked one of the guards why all the gear had been left behind.

"Oh," replied the Aussie, "our blokes reckon it would only slow 'em down when they're chasing the Jap. Besides, they can do without blankets, mosquito bars and other gear for a few days until we take Lae."

Gloomy Send-off

Before the landing craft pulled out for the invasion, I was handed this message assigning me to one of the boats: "Lt. Wentworth—Sgt. Richardson will ride in your LCT. Also two graves registration men."

Signpost to Lae

So swiftly did the Diggers move on toward their objectives in New Guinea that headquarters were usually in jeeps or on foot somewhere along the trail.

When runners were told to take messages to one of these headquarters, they soon learned not to bother going to the place where the headquarters was supposed to be. Instead they walked farther up the trail until they came to Japs who had been killed only a day before.

When they passed these one-day-dead Japs, they knew the headquarters was nearby.

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

THE lookout silhouetted on the cover is standing on the bridge of an American submarine, one of our underwater prowlers that have taken such a cheerful toll of Jap shipping. He studies the sky as well as the sea, for the airplane is a deadly enemy of the sub. More submarine pictures are on pages 12 and 13 All are Official U. S. Navy photos.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—U. S. Navy. 2—INP. 4—Upper left, Acme; lower left, Sgt. George Aarons; right, INP. 5—Acme. 6 & 7—Sgt. Pete Paris. 8—Sgt. John Bushemi. 9—Sgt. Aarons. 12 & 13—U. S. Navy. 16—Upper left, AAF, Geiger Field, Wash.; upper right, Signal Corps; center left, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower left, Signal Corps. 17—Upper left, Pvt. David Royter, Camp Shelby, Miss.; upper right, Sgt. Dillon Farris; center right, Sgt. Schnall. 19—T-5 Harold Weiss. 20—MGM. 21—Columbia Pictures. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.

Pfc. Bill Crews (above) of Buffalo, Wyo., as well as other American infantrymen in New Georgia, found the solution to rattling dog tags, which might give them away in close jungle combat. Cutting rings of rubber from tubes of gas masks abandoned by Japs, they stretched them to fit around the tags. Noncombatants use them, too, so that the metal, heated by the blistering sun, won't burn their chests.

Editor Backed Lend-Lease Bill; Now He's Down at Lend-Lease Base

TRINIDAD, BRITISH WEST INDIES—"Put up or shut up!" That's what a delegation of irate mothers and fathers told a Corbin (Ky.) editor whose newspaper was crusading for more active American participation in the war. They wanted him to practice what he preached.

So 36-year-old Ernest R. Watkins, editor and owner of the *Tri-County News*, leased his paper, stored his furniture, kissed his wife Mary goodbye and enlisted. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins had established the *News* in 1938.

The paper's editorial columns advocated a more stringent draft bill, passage of the Lend-Lease act and other bills to put the United States on a full-time war basis. "I had intended to join up eventually," Watkins says, "but my callers were in no mood to listen to excuses."

Now Mary is a war worker in Alcoa, Tenn., and Watkins is a corporal and associate editor of *TNT (Trinidad News Tips)*, an Army publication sold with YANK. The soldier-editor is through crusading. "It's too hard on the nerves."

Not that Watkins regrets his editorials in the *Tri-County News*. "But when I was hollering loud and long for Lend-Lease," he adds, "I had no idea I would be stationed someday on one of the islands acquired in the deal."

—Sgt. CLYDE BIGGERSTAFF
YANK Staff Correspondent

TS Means Transient Service; It Keeps GI Air Travelers Happy

AN AMERICAN AIR BASE IN BRITAIN—If you're that rare bird, the GI passenger on a military plane, you'll get the surprise of your life at this stop-over base.

Compared with the water convoy, traveling by air is pretty soft, but if you feel like griping, there are generally some little things to beef about. Odds are that the mess hall at the base where you land is closed. Your Nissen hut is miles away, and after wrestling your barracks bags through the mud you may find it locked.

It isn't that way here. At this base you are greeted like a visiting general, escorted through the processing, provided with meals and a place to stay, shown where to exchange your currency and guided to the PX and whatever entertainment the place offers. And if you are staying long enough, you'll get a pass to town.

All these minor miracles are the work of the first Transient Service Unit of the Air Transport Command's European Wing. ATC plans to set up similar outfits at all the main air bases.

In a one-month course at the ATC's school in New York, Pan-American Airways officials trained Capt. Warren Freeman of Miami, Fla.; S/Sgt. Johnny A. McCarty of Mountain View, Okla.; Sgt. Lloyd N. Garrison of Blanchester, Ohio, and Pfc. Martin Ampel of New York City.

Most of the Transient Service Unit's enlisted "customers" are on the way to reassignment after completing 50, 70 or 75 combat missions.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

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AN IMPRESSION OF RIVER STREET IN HONOLULU ON A SATURDAY NIGHT, BY SGT. ROBERT GREENHALGH, YANK STAFF ARTIST IN THE PACIFIC THEATER.

Meet the South Pacific's Ace Rumor-Monger—A Latrine Orderly

AN ADVANCED PACIFIC BASE—When Pfc. Tom M. Gaines isn't helping his ack-ack battery make things hot for the Japs, he works at the most odorous job in the Army. Gaines has been latrine orderly in the same outfit for three years.

Improving on the seven dwarfs who whistle while they work, Gaines yodels while he works —hillbilly songs from back in Henning, Tenn. He considers himself the best-informed soldier in this area; he's collected thousands of hot rumors.

The Tennesseean is proudest of the sturdy brick latrine he built on New Caledonia when the outfit was stationed there. It was rather affectionately known as the "Grand Ole Opry House." Since then he has built, repaired, moved, cleaned and remodeled many a latrine.

When the war is over, Gaines says, "Ah'm gonna go back to mah lil' ole farm in Tennessee and build me the prettiest lil' latrine you ever seen."

—Cpl. HERTZ ROSENBAUM
YANK Field Correspondent

Shipping Overseas, Yank Finds Brother's Name Carved on the Rail

SOMEWHERE ON THE ATLANTIC—Cpl. D. V. Norman of Waco, Tex., stood in the chow line stretching along the ship's rail. Looking at the water and feeling the sway of the ship, he wondered where and when he'd land.

The chow line moved a little, and suddenly there on the rail was his brother's name, carved unmistakably under the initials of a guy from New York: "Pvt. Woodrow Norman, Waco, Tex."

The last time the corporal heard from Woodrow he was in the MPs back in the States. Now, he figures, Woodrow must be in Sicily or Italy; that was where the transport was headed on the trip before this one.

—Sgt. NEWTON FULBRIGHT
YANK Field Correspondent

Second Hand Jeep Corporation Cooks With Gas

BENGAZI, LIBYA—Operating an assembly line that turns out jeeps from begged, borrowed or stolen parts is the spare-time occupation of four men of a U. S. Mobile Ordnance outfit, temporarily located near here.

So far these men have turned out two complete jeeps and they're working on a third. Sgt. Milton E. Rieman, who once operated a garage with 30 mechanics in Spokane, Wash., manages the "Second Hand Jeep Corporation."

As Rieman tells it, he and the other boys went into this spare-time salvage business as a result of a slight annoyance. "Our lieutenant was always bumming the maintenance section's jeep," Rieman says, "and it was never there when we needed it. So there was nothing to do but make him one."

Rieman and his men ranged out over the countryside and rounded up a pile of junk, which they hammered and bolted into a serviceable jeep, complete with top and horn. The happy lieutenant promptly named the vehicle *Spare Parts*, and has bothered them no more.

The corporation's second jeep was turned out after some clever trading on Rieman's part. "Some time before," says Rieman, "I found a boat down at the harbor that somebody had made out of an old airplane ponton. One day I met a man with a jeep body and frame who traded it to me for the boat."

Rieman sent his agents out again and they came in with another load of junk. Into the second jeep's power plant went parts from four discarded engines. Heavily booted salvage-pile tires went on the wheels. A GMC truck speedometer was fitted into the dashboard and a rakish V-shaped windshield from a Dodge truck was welded on. The jeep even has an ashtray.

S/Sgt. John C. Clarke of Chicago, Sgt. Albert Cabot of Filer City, Mich., and Pvt. Hugh Davis of West Plains, Mo., are working with Rieman on a pair of side wings right now. They're making them out of plexiglas from an old P-40. With the side wings, a radiator-cap ornament and a coat of paint, the jeep will almost pass for a new vehicle.

But there's a catch to it. Each jeep, as it rolls off the Second Hand Jeep Corporation's line, has to be numbered, made a part of the outfit's rolling stock and guarded from prying eyes in search of T/BA excesses.

"You see," the outfit's captain wearily explains, "the spare parts, as well as Rieman and his associates, are government property."

—Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

Sgt. Rieman and the Second Hand Jeep Corporation.

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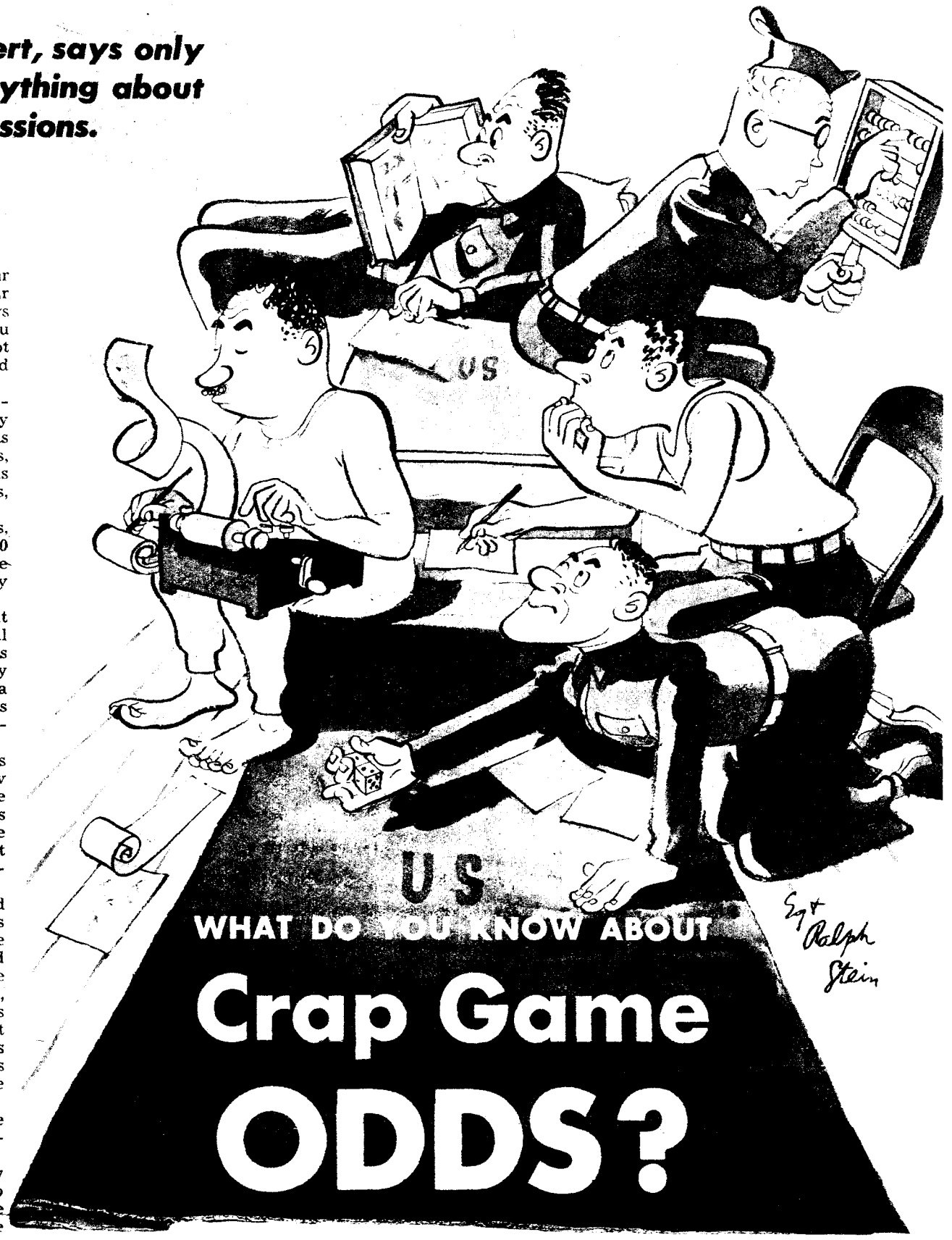
John Scarne, gambling expert, says only two out of 100 GIs know anything about correct odds in dice sessions.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT Crap Game ODDS?

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

How many times have you walked down your company street or along the deck of your ship, passing out dollar bills to the guys you meet? Probably never, and probably you never will. But you might as well do this as shoot craps with the odds you get in most camp and ship dice games.

John Scarne, YANK's adviser on gambling, recently made a survey of Army camps and Navy stations. Even Scarne, a hard-boiled citizen, was amazed when he found out how few soldiers, sailors and marines have any idea of fair odds in craps. About two men out of 100, he figures, really know anything about odds.

Shooting dice is like tossing coins. With coins, *you take 10 tosses. You may toss 10 heads or 10* tails. Or anything in between. But if you take 100,000 tosses, the heads and tails will inevitably even up. The same holds true for dice.

But say you agreed to take 5 or 10 percent the worst of it on every toss of the coin or roll of the dice. Say you agreed to accept 91 cents every time you won and to pay out $1 every time you lost. If you did this you would be a sucker and go broke in no time. But the odds that most of Uncle Sam's crapshooters are playing are just about as fair as these.

Let's take an example. When a soldier takes the usual even-money bet that he can throw "8", he is cheating himself as much as if he were playing against crooked dice. The proper odds for "8" are 6 to 5, and if he had ever taken time out to think of odds he would know it without being told. But GI suckers seem content to accept the other guy's odds without question.

What's wrong with most of the dice odds used in the armed forces? Plenty—but the reason is simple. They are gambling-house odds. There are three kinds of craps—Bank, Open (Fading) and Army (Private). Army craps is the friendly game of chance that soldiers are supposed to play, while Bank and Open are the big-time games where the house gets a percentage on every bet made. And here is where the dirt comes in. It is hard to believe, but most friendly Army games are played with the same odds that favor the house in Bank and Open.

In short, in most GI games the odds are permanently fixed against the guy who is shooting or betting the dice to win.

The correct dice odds aren't hard to figure. Any GI can figure them out if he takes the time. To save the time, however, John Scarne has done the figuring in the charts presented on these pages. *Charts I* and *II* are the most important. *Chart I* shows every possible combination on a pair of dice. *Chart II* shows how these combinations can be computed in terms of odds.

The trick is to study these charts and learn how odds are figured out. If you find that few of the odds here tally with those you have been playing it's a sure sign you have been losing money in your dice-playing. By studying the proper combinations, you will become familiar with the proper way of figuring odds. Learn the smaller wagers—the 5- and 10-cent ones—first, and then work up to the big boys.

The first thing to do is determine how many combinations can be thrown with a pair of dice. Use elementary arithmetic for this: There are six numbers on each dice. Multiply 6 by 6 and you get 36 possible combinations. They're in *Chart I*.

Then you figure the number of different combinations or ways each number can be made. By figuring the number of combinations by which the point can be made against the six combinations by which "7" can be made, you can easily arrive at the correct odds on all points and numbers. This is in *Chart II*.

But in case you want more specific examples of how the wrong odds can do you out of your hard-earned GI dough, take a look at the following list of "Do You Knows" that Scarne has assembled. These are only a few examples of the bum dice odds that are being given in the games in the armed forces.

Do you know that if there are only two players in a game, one a steady shooter and the other a steady fader, the shooter will go broke in the long run? The shooter has a disadvantage of about 1.414 percent as soon as he is faded—about 7 cents the worst of it on every $5 bet.

Do you know that when you bet even money you will throw "6," you are taking a beating of 9 1/11 percent, or about 45 cents on every $5 bet you make? The same holds true for "8." These two bets are the surest sucker bets in dice. They show up more often than any other points; in other words, 5 times out of 12, a "6" or an "8" will be the point. The disadvantage of 9 1/11 percent for the right bettor will eventually break him, and that is one of the reasons gamblers say all right bettors must die broke.

Do you know that when you accept 7-to-1 you will make "4" *the hard way* (2 & 2); you are taking 11 1/9 percent the worst of it, or about 56 cents on your $5 bet? Same holds true for "10" *the hard way* (5 & 5).

Do you know that when you accept 7-to-1 on making the "6" *the hard way* (3 & 3) you take a disadvantage of 27 3/11 percent or about $1.36 the worst of it on your $5 bet? Same holds true for "8" *the hard way* (4 & 4).

Do you know that when you accept 4-to-1 you will throw "7" in one roll (*come-out*), you take a disadvantage of 16 2/3 percent or about 83 cents on your $5 bet?

Do you know that when you accept 15-to-1 you will throw "11" in one roll (*come-out*), you are taking 11 1/9 percent the worst of it, or about 56 cents on your $5 bet?

Do you know that when you accept 30-to-1 you will throw "6-6" or any other double numbers in one roll (*come-out*), you're taking 13 8/9 percent the worst of it—about 69 cents on your $5 bet?

Do you know that when you accept 9-to-1 that you will throw "4" in one roll (*come-out*), you have a disadvantage of 16 2/3 percent or about 83 cents the worst of it on every $5 bet you make? Same holds true for "10."

Do you know that when you take 7-to-1 that you will throw "5" in one roll (*come-out*), you are cheating yourself by 11 1/9 percent, or about 56 cents on every $5 bet you make? Same holds true for "9."

Do you know that when you accept 7-to-1 that you will throw craps—"2-3-12"—in one roll (*come-out*), you are beating yourself by 11 1/9 percent, or about 56 cents on your $5 wager?

Do you know that when you accept 5-to-1 you will throw a "6" in one roll (*come-out*), you are 16 2/3 percent a loser before the dice start rolling—about 83 cents on your $5 wager? Same holds true for "8."

Do you know that when you bet the dice to lose, the gambling house bars 6-6 on the first roll? This gives the house an edge of 1.363 percent, or about 7 cents on $5.

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CHART I: Possible Combinations

"**2**" can be made in one way	1 & 1
"**3**" can be made in two ways	2 & 1—1 & 2
"**4**" can be made in three ways	2 & 2—3 & 1—1 & 3
"**5**" can be made in four ways	2 & 3—3 & 2—4 & 1—1 & 4
"**6**" can be made in five ways	5 & 1—1 & 5—3 & 3—4 & 2—2 & 4
"**7**" can be made in six ways	3 & 4—4 & 3—2 & 5—5 & 2—6 & 1—1 & 6
"**8**" can be made in five ways	2 & 6—6 & 2—4 & 4—3 & 5—5 & 3
"**9**" can be made in four ways	6 & 3—3 & 6—4 & 5—5 & 4
"**10**" can be made in three ways	4 & 6—6 & 4—5 & 5
"**11**" can be made in two ways	6 & 5—5 & 6
"**12**" can be made in one way	6 & 6
Total number of combinations	36

Do you know that gambling houses purposely paint their lay-outs to read 8-*for*-1, 10-*for*-1, 30-*for*-1, 15-*for*-1, to mislead players to believe odds are 8-*to*-1, 10-*to*-1, 30-*to*-1, 15-*to*-1?

Do you know that when you play the field on all the numbers on the lay-out, "2," "3," "4," "9," "10," "11," "12," they total only 16 combinations? The house has 20 combinations against you—an advantage of 11 1/9 percent, or about 56 cents on a $5 wager.

You may think that the above percentages are big, but let's take an example of how percentages work. You are to bet only on the point "6" to win at even money. On the first "6" you bet a dollar and win. On the second "6" you bet the 2 and win; the third "6" you bet the 4 and win; on the fourth "6" you bet the 8 and win, pulling down $16. You are happy, but you are exactly $7.42 short. If you had received the correct odds—that is, 6-to-5—you would have had $23.42. That's how percentages work. John Scarne says there are plenty of dice hustlers in and around Army camps who earn from $500 to $1,000 a month just by hustling "6s" and "8s." They wait for "6" and "8" and bet you even money. You don't.

Craps is an easy game to play, but don't let that fool you, soldier. To play it right requires a little preliminary brain work. Stop being a sucker and study the Scarne charts carefully. Memorize them. Then never accept a bet unless you are offered the correct odds.

CHART II: Odds Against Passing

"**4**" can be made in three ways; "**7**" in six ways
"**5**" can be made in four ways; "**7**" in six ways
"**6**" can be made in five ways; "**7**" in six ways
"**8**" can be made in five ways; "**7**" in six ways
"**9**" can be made in four ways; "**7**" in six ways
"**10**" can be made in three ways; "**7**" in six ways
"**6**" (3 & 3) or "**8**" (4 & 4) can be made in one way
"**4**" (2 & 2) or "**10**" (5 & 5) can be made in one way

CORRECT ODDS	ODDS IN TERMS OF BETS	
2-to-1	$.10-to-.05	$2.00-to-$1.00
3-to-2	.30-to-.20	1.50-to- 1.00
6-to-5	.60-to-.50	1.20-to- 1.00
6-to-5	.60-to-.50	1.20-to- 1.00
3-to-2	.30-to-.20	1.50-to- 1.00
2-to-1	.10-to-.05	2.00-to- 1.00
10-to-1	.50-to-.05	10.00-to- 1.00
8-to-1	.40-to-.05	8.00-to- 1.00

CHART III: Odds on the Come-Out (First Roll)

35-to-1 or $1.75-to-.05 against	a Specific Double Number	
17-to-1 or .85-to-.05 against		"**11**"
11-to-1 or .55-to-.05 against		"**4**"
8-to-1 or .40-to-.05 against		"**5**"
8-to-1 or .40-to-.05 against	Craps—	"**2**," "**3**" or "**12**"
5-to-1 or .25-to-.05 against		"**7**"
6 1/5-to-1 or .31-to-.05 against		"**6**"
11-to-1 or .55-to-.05 against		"**10**"
8-to-1 or .40-to-.05 against		"**9**"
6 1/5-to-1 or .31-to-.05 against		"**8**"

Sergeant in Sicily Says Sad Sack Is Shrewd, Sly Spy

ALGIERS—The simple soldier Sad Sack is a Nazi spy!

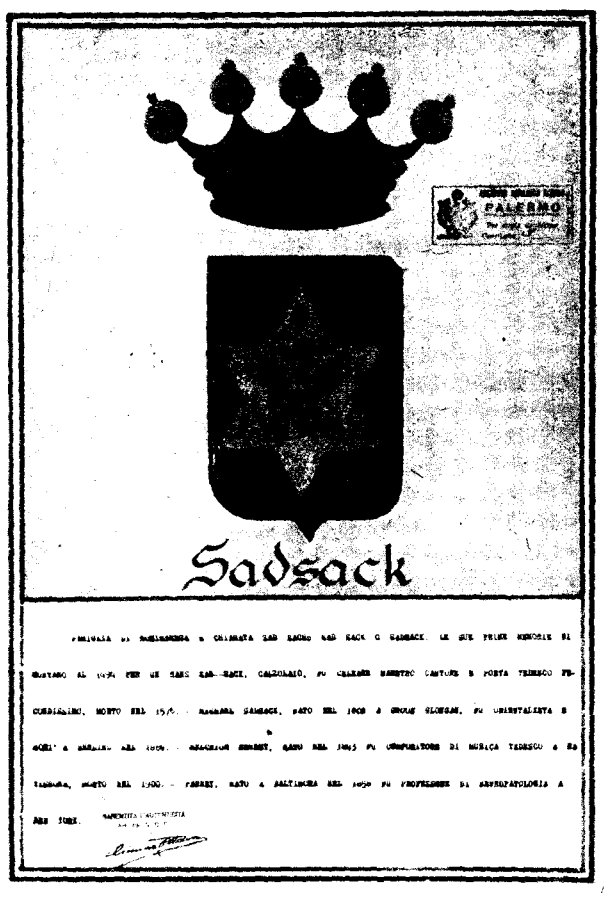
After months of investigation in the musty files of ancient Sicilian archives during which time 16 investigators almost met a sudden end, the truth about the dirty rotten rat, the Sad Sack, can now be brought to the ears of a waiting world. Sad Sack is neither American soldier nor imaginary cartoon: he is Sad Sach of Nuremberg, Germany, and his blackguard family traces back to one Hans Sad-Sack born to spy in 1494.

The Sack (also spelled Sach) family still has members running around loose all over the world. Although the youngest of the clan, Sad, is now having his fate decided by higher-ups, a tight ring of censorship has been drawn about the case, no doubt caused by Sgt. George Baker, whose deft pen works in cahoots with shrewd Sad. YANK, which claimed to be The Army Weekly and god-fathered the entire scheme by first publicizing the character who always is left holding the sack, is in hot water. If Sad meets his deserved fate, YANK can just about pull in its wings and retire to stud.

These are the events which led to his capture and arrest:

Many months ago, a sergeant whose name cannot now be disclosed because of possible repercussions, first suspected that Sack wasn't as dumb as he was drawn. In one cartoon, Sad Sack wore a cloak about his slim figure. When the clothes dropped off in a later issue, there was Sack with the beginnings of a master sergeant's belly! Nobody can be that dumb and still eat so well. Not in the Army.

When the sergeant went to bed that night, a little bell jangled over his head and rang out the bait for the trap: genealogy! He took the first plane to Sicily where records are kept concerning villains, spies, pirates and general tramps with enough black sheep in the family to poison future generations for centuries.



Here is the evidence, a history of the Sack's German family tree, showing that he is a descendent of Hans Sad-Sack, the Teuton poet who died in 1576.

There he whisked away to the *Archivia Araldico Cimino, per copia conforme, caselario*, which in plain double talk means "For a buck and a drag on your cigarette, I'll tell you if your old man's grandfather was royalty or just a plain chiseler. For another 20 *lire*, I'll guarantee that he was a baron." The sergeant only paid one dollar.

The sergeant almost dropped dead when the archive director presented him with a genealogical report on the Sad Sack family, complete with coat-of-arms and crest. In the center of the coat-of-arms was a dead rooster plopped up against a golden star. The chicken had the same expression on his mug as Sad.

And this is what the family skeleton contained (guaranteed authentic, one buck):

"Family of Nuremberg and known as Sad Sach, Sad Sack or Sadsack. Its origins are traced back to 1494 to a Hans Sad-Sack, shoemaker, who was a celebrated *meistersinger* and German poet of many works, who died in 1576. Michael Sadsack born in 1808 at Groos Glongan, was an authority on the Orient and died in Berlin in 1864. Melchior Ernest, born in 1843 was a German musical composer at Ratisbon, died in 1900. Parney, born in Baltimore in 1858, was a professor of neuropathology in New York."

This, friends, is not fiction. The sergeant is willing to take the stand. He keeps the Sad Sack secret file open to anyone with guts enough to dispute that Shrewd Sad is a spy.

—Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

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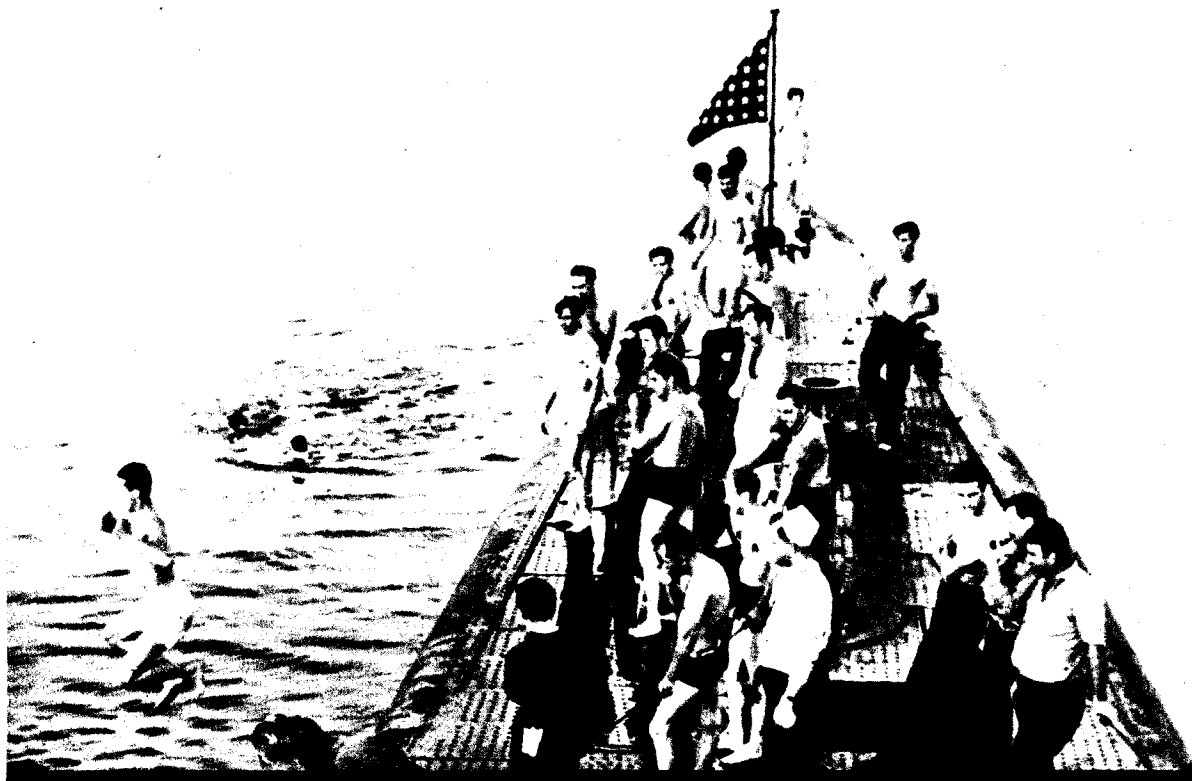
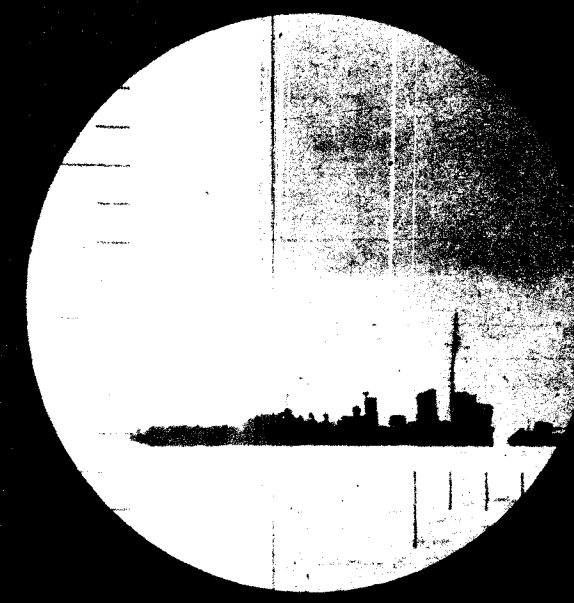
Fig

IN THE TORPEDO ROOM A CREW MEMBER GETS A QUIET SNOOZE ABOVE A COUPLE OF DEADLY TIN FISH.



WHEN THEIR SHIP LIES AT ANCHOR SOME OF THE SUBMARINERS JUMP OVERBOARD FOR A WELCOME SWIM.

HERE'S A SAILOR WHO USES WHAT SPACE HE HAS TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE. IT'S CLOSE TO REAL COMFORT



THROUGH THE PERISCOPE: A JAP SHIP GOES DOWN.

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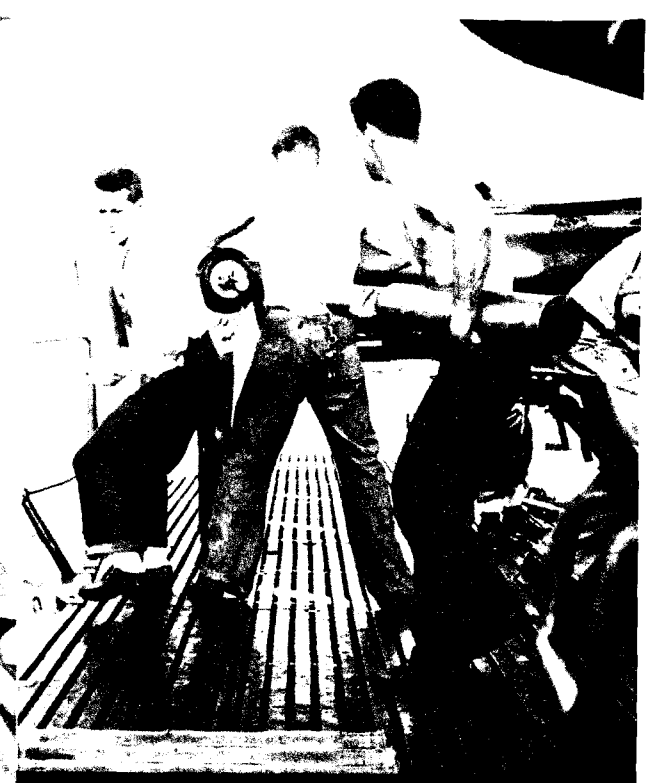
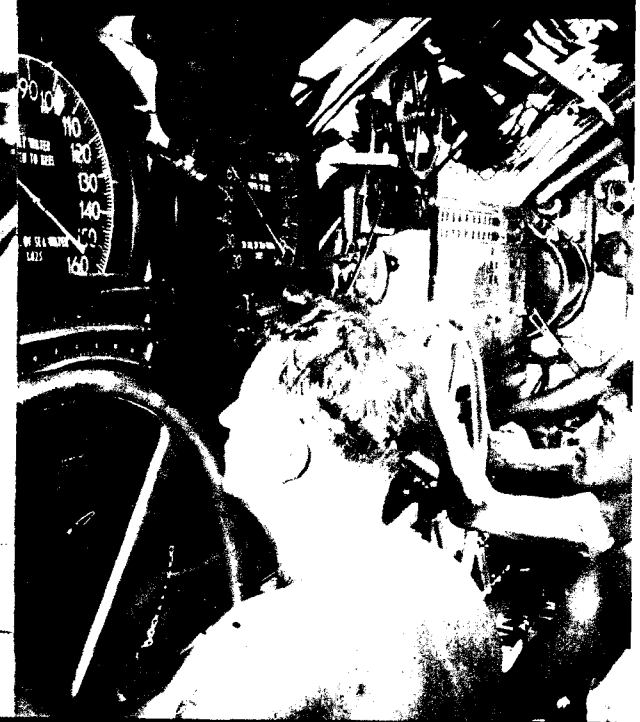
A COMMANDING OFFICER AT THE PERISCOPE.



SUB'S GUN CREW WORKS FAST DURING A DRILL.

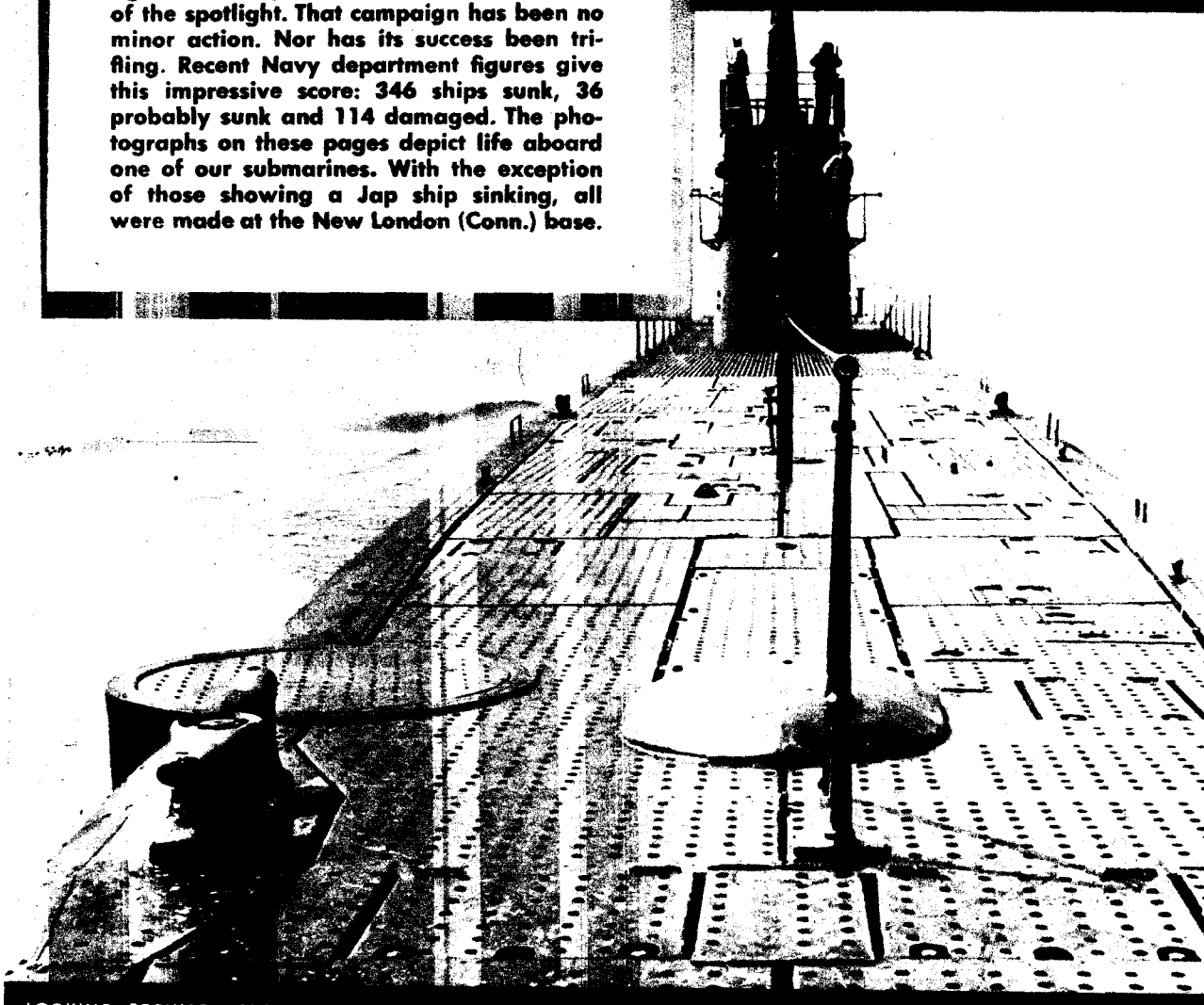


OPERATING DIVING PLANES IN CONTROL ROOM.

WHEN talk turns to submarines, the subject that usually holds the center of the stage is the German U-boat and its success, or lack of it, against Allied shipping. The American submarine and its campaign against the Japanese has been too long out of the spotlight. That campaign has been no minor action. Nor has its success been trifling. Recent Navy department figures give this impressive score: 346 ships sunk, 36 probably sunk and 114 damaged. The photographs on these pages depict life aboard one of our submarines. With the exception of those showing a Jap ship sinking, all were made at the New London (Conn.) base.

BABY SHOES HANG FOR LUCK IN TORPEDO ROOM

THE MESSES ARE KNOWN FOR GOOD CHOW.



LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE STERN OF A SUB. EVEN ON A QUIET SEA THE DECK CALLS FOR A SURE FOOT.

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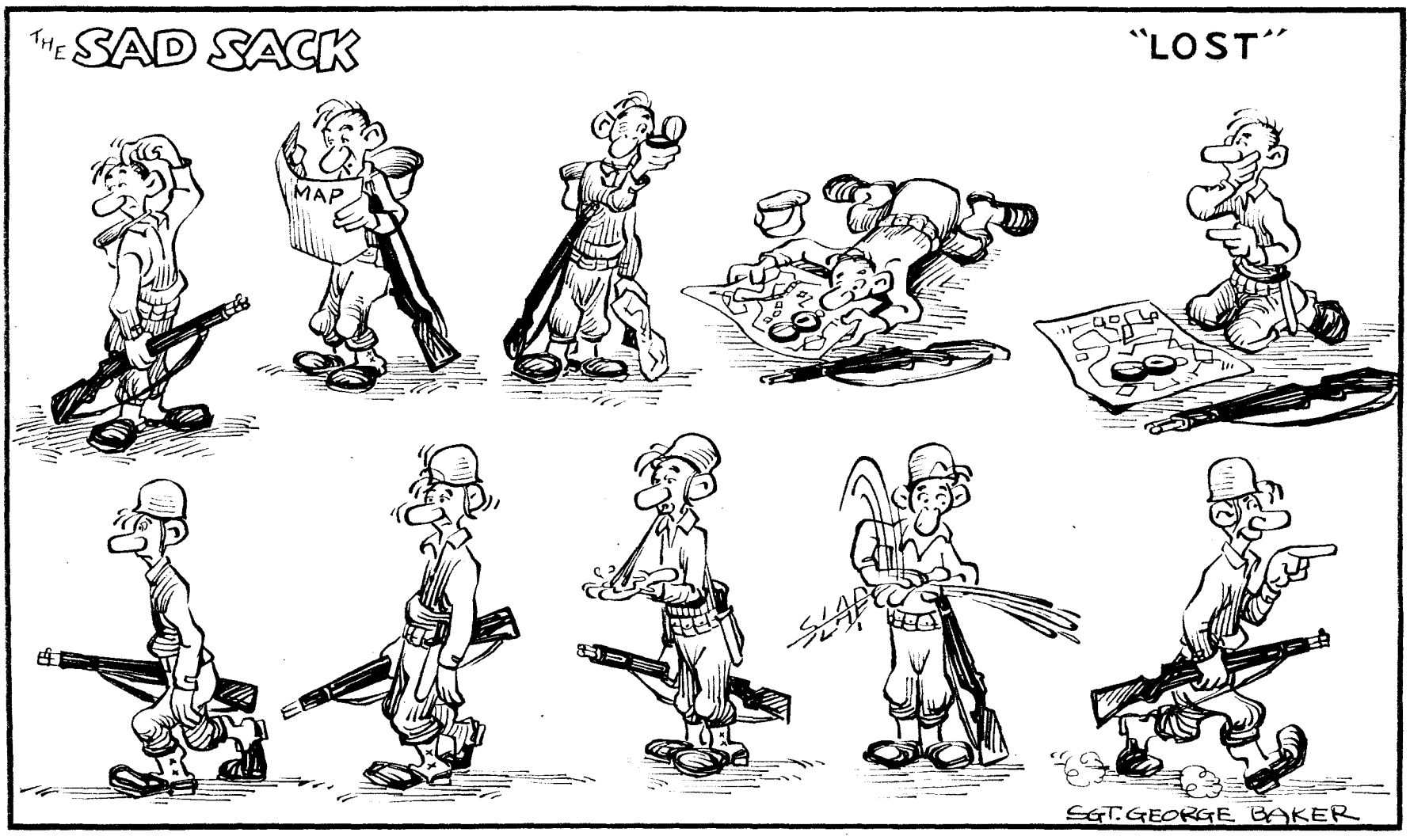

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

A GI musical in two acts, suitable for production by military units as a morale booster. Recommended by leading warrant officers as a gripping statement of a simple soldier's faith in his first sergeant. Production notes are included.

ACT I

[*As the curtain rises on a pitch-dark stage we hear the frank, unaffected snoring of American fighting men. It is that eerie time in the barracks between lights out and bed check. At left, footsteps move slowly and cautiously towards center stage in the darkness.*]

VOICE: Where's m'gahdam bunk?

2D VOICE: Hey, gitcher hands off me, ya lousy drunk! [*There is a creaking of bunks as sleeping men stir.*]

1ST VOICE: Hasa top kick been through yet?

3D VOICE: No, but he's due any minute! Hurry to bed, Butch Norris, the eight-ball of the 8th Platoon! The self-respecting men of the 8th have had about enough of your drunken bungling. You know what the first sergeant said—if you aren't in bed for bed check tonight, we'll all be confined for the week end!

BUTCH: Sounds like Pvt. Buddy Goodwin, best soldier in the 8th Platoon. Blow it out yer barracks bag, Buddy!

[*Chorus sings* "Blow It Out Your Barracks Bag, Buddy!" *Words and music for this song will be furnished on request, but frankly it's pretty silly. You could have the men sing "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad" instead. Or you could simply go ahead with the play, which isn't moving any too fast as it is.*]

BUDDY: Hush! Someone's knocking at the door!

ALL: It's the first sergeant! Get in bed quick, Butch!

BUTCH: But what am I goin' t'do with Marge?

ALL: Marge! Who's Marge?

MARGE: Wottinell's it to you who I am, you lousy GI meat-heads? I was in this burg before you guys was shipped in, an' I'll be here after yer gone. For my money this burg was a hellu-valot better when the Navy was here!

ALL: Oh! He's brought in a woman again!

BUDDY: Marge, you indecent woman, whoever you are, begone from these barracks. These are American soldiers! Besides, the first sergeant will be here any minute!

MARGE: Stripes don't mean nothin' to me. I'm good enough for top kicks when they're in town, an' I'm good enough fer'm here.

[*She sings* "I'm Only His Furlough Girl-O." *Incidentally, here's a little suggestion. Why not have some well-known guest star, say Betty Grable or Deanna Durbin, play* MARGE *for you? Any actress will be glad to do it for the publicity. Just drop her a post card, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.*]

FIRST SERGEANT [*knocking again at door*]: Hello in there!

[*Hustle and bustle and squeals of excitement as the curtain falls on Act I. Between the acts you could have a bunch of soldiers dress like girls and do a dance. I think this has been done before, but it will simply knock the audience out with laughter, so what the hell?*]

ACT II

[*Scene, same as Act. I. At rise of curtain we hear the first sergeant knocking on the barracks door. All is quiet within.*]

FIRST SERGEANT: It is I, your first sergeant! Are you covered, fellows? May I come in?

ALL: Do!

[*The sergeant enters and moves slowly across stage, flashlight in hand, checking the beds. The sleeping men gently chant* "How Softly Our Sergeant Makes Bed Check." *This number is very effective if you care for that sort of thing.*]

FIRST SERGEANT: What was that noise?

[*Marge has jumped out of Butch's bed as the flashlight approaches, and she jumps into bunk with the next man. She continues this, down the line of bunks, always just one jump ahead of the flashlight. But finally she is trapped in the end bunk with Pvt. Buddy Goodwin.*]

FIRST SERGEANT [*shining his flashlight on the two white faces in one bunk*]: Well really! What does this mean?

BUDDY [*staring at his bunkmate*]: Why, Aunt Marjorie!

AUNT MARJORIE: Yes, it is I. I'd no idea you were here.

BUDDY: Whatever brought you to this low condition?

AUNT MARJORIE: Well, I had to put you through the Army somehow. You kept writing for money, and after your parents died I was your sole support.

FIRST SERGEANT: Pardon me for interrupting, but this is very irregular. Women are not allowed in barracks.

BUTCH: Wot kind of a outfit is this, fa crysakes, can't a guy's own aunt visit 'm around here?

FIRST SERGEANT: Well—yes. But [*glancing at his watch*] it's past visiting hours! However, I'll take it up with the Old Man in the morning. Meanwhile, madam, you can find lodging at the civilian guest house here on the post. You are a very attractive woman, and if you would consider linking your life forever with that of an humble first sergeant——

AUNT MARJORIE: Buddy, did you hear that? Perhaps if I marry him it will help your Army career!

FIRST SERGEANT: Well, I wouldn't say that. But there does happen to be a new pfc. rating opening up the first of the year.

[*Chorus sings* "A Pfc. Rating Is Open!" *All join hands and dance as they sing, and curtain slowly comes down.*]

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FAMILY REUNION IN TOKYO

Guinea Pigs in Guinea

FIFTY soldiers, plain GI, have been awarded the Legion of Merit for doing nothing.

That is, doing nothing but hard labor in the jungles of New Guinea while *anopheles* mosquitoes chewed on them and their resistance seeped out in the form of sweat through the pores of their skin.

They volunteered for the job and exposed themselves to malarial infection for six weeks, so that the medics could conduct an experiment with two other groups of soldiers to test the comparative effectiveness of atabrine and another suppressive drug that is still new and unproven.

If you think it was easy to let those mosquitoes bite, you've never seen a case of cerebral malaria, or you haven't been in the tropics long enough to see guys' teeth start chattering every time they exert themselves beyond the very lowest level of endurance. A good case of the shivers and shakes sometimes can last a lifetime, or, in some of its forms, it can cut a lifetime down to the few hours men take to pass out in convulsions.

These soldiers were all privates. In the light of combat action's more obvious dangers, their deed might be considered trivial, because the bite of a mosquito is hardly in the same league as the bite of a .31-caliber machine gun.

The volunteers in this case, however, were doing something "beyond the call of duty"—if not at the risk of their lives, at the risk of their health. If you asked any one of them whether he had the future welfare of the Army in mind, he'd probably laugh at you. If you asked why he volunteered he'd probably tell you it sounded like a good idea at the time, and let it go at that.

That all 50 of them got the Legion of Merit is perhaps as worthy of comment as the experiment's scientific or heroic significance.

The fact is that 50 guys—outside of combat—took a flyer at something out of which none could be absolutely sure of emerging in good condition. And the Army showed them its appreciation.

At least, it would appear, not every noncombatant task in this war is completely thankless.

GI Manpower

A NEW WD order [Cir. 293-43] rescinds previous WD orders on assigning soldiers to jobs on the basis of their physical capacities. Here are some of the more important provisions:

Each EM whose present job is beyond his physical capacity will be reassigned to a job within his capacity, even if he does not meet the current minimum physical standards for induction. The discharge of such men for physical reasons is forbidden as long as they are able to render useful military service in *any* assignment that can reasonably be made available. Assignments will be made "to the most active type of duty" in keeping with physical qualifications and with regard for civilian experience. Only men who are physically unable to handle any assignment that can reasonably be made available will be discharged. If overseas they will be returned to the U. S. for discharge.

Although the use of the term "limited service" is discontinued, this does not mean that men heretofore classified as "limited service" are to be discharged or that the Army will not continue to induct and use men who do not meet the full standards for general service. No man will be discharged for physical disability if he meets the standards for induction for limited service currently prescribed in MR 1-9.

GIs will *not* be shipped overseas if they have the following defects: 1) Pronounced psychiatric disorders (Section 8 cases), 2) hernia, 3) Class I dental defects, with certain exceptions, 4) "enuncleation of an eye with or without prosthesis" (you'd better see your medical officer on that one), 5) tropical diseases which are liable to serious aggravation upon reinfection, 6) defects which are below the minimum physical standards for induction. Exception: Men having defects of type 6 who "have been trained in and have performed adequately in their current assignments" will be kept in their outfits when they go overseas.

The existence of a remedial defect or disease, including uncomplicated cases of malaria, which would disqualify a man for overseas service, will not be sufficient reason to return him to the States from overseas.

EM disqualified for overseas service will be reassigned to duties in the U. S. until their defects are remedied.

Men with venereal diseases, with certain exceptions, are eligible for overseas shipment when otherwise qualified.

For full details read the complete Circular 293.

Desalted Sea Water

The Navy Department has announced a new method of desalting sea water in 20 minutes through the use of a compact chemical desalting kit. Devised to meet the desperate need of flyers forced down at sea, the complete equipment weighs less than four pounds and is capable of converting 14 pints of sea water into drinking water—enough to sustain life for two weeks. It consists of a plastic bag with drinking tube and neck cord, and 14 desalting briquets.

New Fourth Air Force Patch

Here is the new shoulder patch authorized for personnel of the Fourth Air Force, HQ, San Francisco, Calif. The patch is $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches deep and $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches wide. It has an ultramarine blue background with a $\frac{1}{8}$-inch orange border. A $\frac{3}{4}$-inch white star is charged with a red disc within a white winged annulet upheld by four golden rays.

Negro GIs

There were 582,861 Negro soldiers in the U. S. Army on Aug. 31, 1943, according to a recent WD release. Of this number 153,900 were overseas. For reasons of security, the release explained, a complete breakdown into components and branches would not be feasible. The following figures, however, were given: Negro GIs in Infantry, 57,323; Coast and Field Artillery, 58,328; Cavalry, 9,750; Engineers, 92,171; other arms and services, 360,903. The figures include Negro Wacs, warrant officers, nurses and 4,386 commissioned officers.

A recent Navy Department announcement reveals that there are 74,013 Negroes in the Navy, of which 7,100 are members of the Seabees.

GI Shop Talk

One of the latest Army guns in action is the 4.2-inch CWS mortar. It fires either smoke, white-phosphorus or 25-pound high-explosive shells. A unit of 4.2 mortars in Italy recently knocked out a battery of Nazi 88s even though the 88s have four times the range and are 30 times heavier. . . . A free memorial flag will be issued by the Navy to the next of kin of anyone who dies in service with the Navy, Marines or Coast Guard. . . . Signal Corps units which went ashore in the first Salerno landing installed 700 miles of communications wire in the first 10 days of the invasion. . . . New British service ribbons, announced in the Canadian Army paper, *Khaki*: For service in North Africa between June 10, 1940, and May 12, 1943, pale buff with central vertical stripe and two narrower ones, one dark blue and one light blue. For service with an operational unit between Sept. 3, 1939, and Dec. 31, 1943, three vertical stripes of dark blue, red and light blue. . . . Representatives of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths recently joined in dedicating the first American military cemetery in Palestine.

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WHO'S THERE? I've gotta see! Pvt. Leonard Cavicchioli tries to complete the picture by taking off his dancing partner's mask. It turned out that her name was Loretta Harvat. She was a guest at a Geiger Field (Wash.) Service Club dance.

BARBER-SHOP ARTISTS. These decorous but carefree gents stepped into costume to win the costume prize in a quartet contest at Camp Davis, N. C. L. to r.: Pvt. Francis May, Pvt. Donald Vollner, Pvt. Calvin Mumma and Pvt. Robert Dunn.

CAMP NEWS

BARRACKS CONCERT. A serious musician with some serious listeners. The violinist is Sgt. David Johnson of Co. E, 1210 SCSU at Fort Ontario, N. Y. He studied music at the Juilliard School, New York City.

FAMILY RECRUITS. Pvt. James Davenport visits his mother, Pfc. Marian Davenport, at Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark. They were sworn in on the same day at Richmond, Va., but Ma got first promotion.

Strategic Retreat

Camp Gruber, Okla.—Pvt. A. L. Drabin of the 132d Signal Co., pacing his beat on guard duty, probed the chilly darkness ahead when a figure crossed his path.

"Halt, who's there?" he asked.

"Who's there?" the figure echoed. "Advance to be recognized."

"*You* advance to be recognized," said Drabin. "Show me your dog tags."

"*Show me your dog tags,*" came the reply out of the darkness.

As he explained it later, Drabin was the first to give in. "What could I do?" he asked. "He was some guy from the Infantry. He had a rifle. All I had was a club."

MISSING COMRADE

Nashville Army Air Center, Tenn.—Pvt. Harry I. Donnelly, 520th Base Hq. & AB Sq., spotted the following classified ad in the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner:*

LOST—One half-track M-2 No. C 1-4, name *Comrade.* USA W4011622—Engine Number 160-AX-1212. Anyone knowing whereabouts of this vehicle notify Provost Marshal, Lebanon, Tenn., or Commanding Officer Co. C, 54th Armored Inf. Regiment, APO 260, care Postmaster, Nashville, Tenn.

Utter Confusion Department

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—The first sergeant of the 5th Auxiliary Surgical Group found a furlough request on his desk that read as follows:

I would like a furlough to go home to see my folks. My wife is planning to come here and I want to get there before she comes here, because I don't want her to be here when I am there, but I want to be here when she is here.

The GI did not get his furlough. The wife came here.

Romance Marches On

Lincoln Army Air Base, Nebr.—The path of GI romance was aptly illustrated by the selections of reading material seen in the hands of S/Sgt. Walter Biernat.

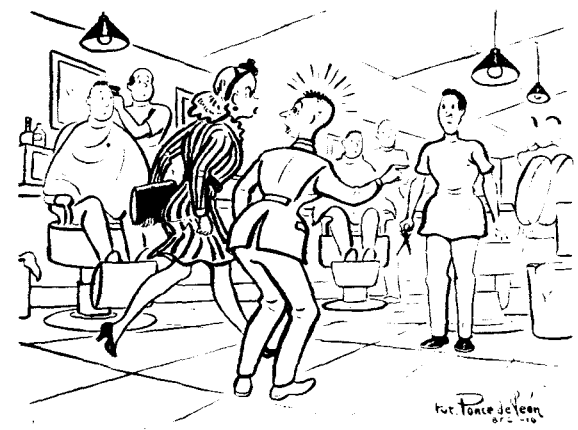
One night barracksmates found him curled up with a pamphlet titled "What To Do on a Date." The next night he went out on pass. The night after that he was poring intently into a number called "Relationships With the Fairer Sex."

Several nights later still further progress was noted. The sergeant was reading "How To Conduct a Whirlwind Courtship."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Bates Field, Ala.—Cpl. Leonard Richardson says his favorite President was Harding, and here are his reasons: the corporal was born in Harding's home town, Marion, Ohio; he went to Harding High School there; the first man he met at the induction center was named Harding; at his reception center, his field noncom was named Harding; he got his basic training at Harding Field, La., and while there he went around with a gal whose name was Harding.

Fort Riley, Kans.—Troopers in the CRTC here have organized classes in Chinese. Heading the "faculty" is Pvt. Ruby Tape of the WAC, assisted by Sgt. Mark Lim and Pvt. Hom Woh. Classes meet every Tuesday night and so far the GIs



"That's the one, dear!"

—Pvt. Ponce de Leon, BTC 10, Greensboro, N. C., BTC 10-Shun.

have been studying the phonetics of Chinese. In their next lesson (they say) they'll take up the characters, or words, which run up into something like 3,000,000 in all.

Camp Adair, Oreg.—S/Sgt. Corbin Shirley of Co. H, 275th Regiment, was overwhelmed recently by fellow GIs who pooled their resources and gave him a "baby shower." Included in the items for the expected baby were a crib and a virtually complete outfit of baby clothes.

Camp Pickett, Va. — 1st Sgt. Logan B. Walker went through the DEML barracks recently looking for a detail to assist in fighting a range fire. He reached one stubborn sleeper who failed to respond to several calls and taps on the shoulder. "Come on," said Walker finally, roughly shaking

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NEAR REALITY. In simulated warfare at Camp Shelby, Miss., soldiers crouch or crawl forward between the lanes on the close-combat range, ready to shoot at any target that comes up. They are in Btry. A, 881st FA, of the 69th Div.

CLOSE HARMONY. This is the kind of autograph, made with lipstick, that a soldier likes best. The lucky man is T-5 John O. Gunn, shown with 20th Century-Fox starlets June Haver (left) and Jeanne Crain, visitors to Camp Perry, Ohio.

HOSPITAL GOLF. S. Sgt. Francis De Angelis (left) and Cpl. Ralph L. Hollis meet a hazard on the miniature course at Grenier Field (N. H.) base hospital.

DONE WITH BLACK GLASSES

Mather Field, Calif.—Sgt. Dick Partridge of the 341st Navigation Training Sq. was walking along the street in San Francisco recently when he was approached by a shabby man wearing dark glasses and carrying a tin cup.

"Sergeant, I'm blind," said the mendicant. "Please give me four bits."

Partridge obliged and continued on down the street. Later it came to him. "How'd he know I was a sergeant?" he asked himself.

the man, "you don't sleep that sound." With that, the GI sat up and replied belligerently: "Who don't?"

Fort Custer, Mich.—Pvt. Harry Cook of the 500th MPEG faced the food on the table before him and went to work silently but efficiently. First he took two solid cuts of beef, then a nice mound of potatoes. These he garnished with a generous coating of gravy. Then as he reached for the pitcher of coffee, he glanced down for the first time. His plate was upside down.

Camp Claiborne, La.—S/Sgt. Edward Peters, 61, of the Provisional Pipeline Hq. Group, EUTC, has some claim to distinction. Forty-three years ago, fighting with the Dutch troops in the Boer War, he was a member of the party that captured a young British journalist named Winston Churchill, now the prime minister of Great Britain.

Camp Carson, Colo.—"Strictly GI" rang up a total of $325,000 in War Bonds here recently and played to an SRO audience. An all-GI show, the revue was the work of Pfc. Peter Preses and S/Sgt. Cyril Morey, who collaborated on the book. Pfc. Carl Kulkman and Pvt. Edward Johnson wrote the music.

Camp Hood, Tex.—Sgt. Francis Hamilton and Cpl. Alton Howell painted the following on a turtle they found roaming around here: "Return to Sgt. Robert Harris, Tank Destroyer School. Reward, $5." Now Harris is getting so many calls that he has about decided to pay the reward to anyone who will give the turtle a home and curb its meanderings.

Fort Knox, Ky.—T-5 Homer Hann packed hurriedly to ship out to cook on a troop train. Getting ready for the return trip from Camp Chaffee, Ark., Hann doffed his cook's garb and started to put on his ODs. He found that he had no OD trousers. He foresaw a pantsless ride in a civilian coach until an obliging officer of the 19th Inf. at Chaffee supplied trousers for him, just at train time.

Coast Guard Station, N. Y.—Located here is Spar Helen Gragory, 24, founder and organizer of the famed Polish women sharpshooters' civilian regiments which fought the Nazis during the invasion of that country. Helen, who was born in the United States, was taken to Poland by her engineer-father at the age of 2.

Lowry Field, Colo.—Pfc. Bill Walker became incensed recently when an MP told him he couldn't take his gal to the matinee at the post theater. Indignation melted when the MP coldly informed him that "sex morality" was on the bill.

Camp Wheeler, Ga.—Pvt. David Anderson has his own ideas of how to carry on through a KP stint. Recently he appeared at KP roll call in the Co. A (13th ITB) mess hall all set for duty—with his own potato peeler.

Garden City Army Air Field, Kans.—It was an exciting ball game. S/Sgt. Earl J. Finnerty of the PT Dept. had his ear glued to the radio to catch every moment of this World Series drama. The phone rang and Finnerty picked up the receiver automatically. He shouted: "St. Louis Cardinals speaking."

Fort MacArthur, Calif.—The nobility has reported for duty at the reception center here in the person of Baron Gilbert Rothschild, scion of the famous European banking family. Rothschild, who speaks three languages and hopes to get into Intelligence, was in officers' training in Paris before he fled the Nazi occupation in 1940.

Stuttgart Army Air Field, Ark.—Six dogfaces assigned to KP were down in the dumps because their duty would prevent them from attending a shindig to which they had been invited. Then, at the last minute, volunteer replacements appeared, among them a first sergeant, four staffs and a buck.

Keep those contributions coming, whether pictures, news items or features. Share them with other GIs by sending them to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that they be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Cope — Elissomdoberry — Biancalana — Earles

IN THE ALEUTIANS. Pvt. Harold Cope of Salem, Mo., wants to hear from **Lee Simmons S1c**, with the Navy in the Atlantic. . . . Pvt. John Elissomdoberry of Stockton, Calif., tells **Pvt. Elmer Triefembach**, elsewhere in Alaska: "The boys all miss you and are sorry you couldn't make the trip." . . . Pvt. Eugen Biancalana of Chicago, Ill., wants **Buddy Ziegler**, in the Mediterranean, to "remember our meeting at Wells and Ohio." . . . Pvt. Edward Earles of Los Angeles, Calif., sends a message to his brother, **Sgt. Fred Earles**, also in Alaska: "I'm all out of cough medicine—anything you can do about it?"

Mail Call

Honorable Discharge Button

Dear YANK:
When will the veterans' lapel buttons be issued? I've already had a fight because someone called me a draft dodger. I've been overseas and seen action and think I deserve to wear this badge.

Chicago, Ill. —**HARRY J. SIMONETTI**

Dear YANK:
I certainly don't like the idea of civilian stores selling veterans' lapel buttons. Some time ago the Army promised to give these away free but so far none has been issued. In the meantime stores are *selling them for 50 cents apiece. No one should be* permitted to sell an award. The veterans' lapel button should be made by the Government and distributed free.

ASOA, Harvard University —**Pfc. MICHAEL LUCKUF**

Tribal Blood Dance

Dear YANK:
Your article under the heading "Yank Soldier in Puerto Rico First To View Tribal Blood Dance," which appeared in a November issue of YANK, is *so far distant from the truth that I consider it my* duty to tell you so, for it might give your readers a distorted idea of what Puerto Rico is and how its inhabitants live. There are neither tribal blood dances nor Madras Hindus in Puerto Rico. Your correspondent must have seen the primitive rites or ceremonies he describes in Panama, where you will find many Hindus.

Camp Davis, N. C. —**OC HORACE QUINONES**

■ The story referred to the "'blood dance' of the Madras tribe of Hindus in the West Indies" and did not say the dance took place in Puerto Rico. The writer was referring to the Madras tribe in Trinidad, the British West Indies. Unfortunately there was a Puerto Rican date line on the story, because that is the headquarters of the Antilles Air Task Force, from which the story originated. The heading was incorrectly written. YANK regrets the error. No reflection was intended on the people of Puerto Rico.

Holiday KPs

Dear YANK:
I want to thank Cpl. Rubin Shulman for organizing his Jewish buddies to take over KP and guard duty on Christmas day so the Christian soldiers could have the day off. His letter appeared in a November issue. This is to let him know we pulled KP for his buddies on their holiday.

1st Parachute Troops, Fort Benning, Ga. —**Pvt. J. JONES**

Navel Censor

Dear YANK:
If the censor is a good guy, he'll put his stamp in

the right place. The gal on the envelope is a bubble dancer and doesn't want to be embarrassed.

South Pacific —**Cpl. R. E. HUMBERT**

Brush-Off Club

Dear YANK:
How do I become a member of the Brush-Off Club? I just received a letter from my girl Jane in Milwaukee who has just become engaged "to the most wonderful man in the world." She said, "I know you will like him when you meet him" and promised to write if I wanted her to. Does this make me a charter member of the Brush-Off Club? T/Sgt. Robert R. Blackney and S/Sgt. Le Roy K. Nelson made up this little wreath in memory of our love.

Guadalcanal —**S/Sgt. POLEWSKI**

Dear YANK:
How do I become a member of the Brush-Off Club? My soldier has been wooed away by some Texas girl because she was there with him and I was a thousand miles away. There are many similar cases going on right here: the girls are minus men and just seize someone else's. You need not have any sympathy for me, for it's my own fault that I don't do the same since I come in contact with many servicemen at our Chicago Servicemen's Center where I serve as a junior hostess.

Chicago, Ill. —**(Miss) BINGY PETSCH**

■ The parent chapter of the Brush-Off Club in India has no objection to extending its charter to other Army outfits, so go ahead, sarge, and organize. Admission requirement is a broken heart. Qualifications for membership: 1) She has married somebody else. 2) She casually mentions dates with other guys now and doesn't start out "Dearest Darling" any more. 3) Your folks have reported seeing her with other joes. As for Bingy, she seems to be doing all right at the Chicago Servicemen's Center and may not have time to organize a ladies' auxiliary.

11 General Reminders

Dear YANK:
Here are 11 general reminders for Hollywood scenario writers, radio script writers, advertising men, slick magazine writers and all persons who come in contact with the American public through their artistic endeavor: 1) Soldiers are acquainted with girls other than entertainers, debutantes and heiresses. 2) Not all soldiers in the Army are lieutenants in the Air Force. 3) Not all soldiers in the Army are in the Air Force. 4) Occasionally, a soldier's girl friend does not work in a war plant where is manufactured the weapon the soldier is armed with or the airplane he flies. 5) KP includes activities other than potato peeling. 6) Soldiers do not wear their fatigue clothing only when they are on KP or in the guard house. 7) Soldiers aren't fighting the war for Betty Grable. 8) The Stage Door Canteen isn't the first place they hit in New York. 9) Army nurses do not spend most of their time in love affairs with officers. 10) Soldiers cuss once in a while. 11) Not all sergeants growl: nor do they all possess enlarged abdomens.

Fort Jackson, S. C. —**Pvt. SIDNEY SCHLEPP**

MESSAGE CENTER

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

B. Pfc. GLENDON BAILY, once at Kearns Field, Utah: write Sgt. Joseph Averill. . . . Pvt. EDWARD BOCKEL, once at Fort Eustis, Va.: write Pvt. Pasquale J. Colian.

C. Pfc. NORMAN CARNEY, once at Camp Pickett, Va.: see *Message 5.‡* . . . RICHARD M. CARTER, once at Camp Breckinridge, Ky.: write Robert D. Carter AMM2c. . . . FRANK CAULFIELD, USMC, once at Parris Island, S. C.: see *Message 7.§* . . . ERCOLA J. COLIANNO, once at Fort Lewis, Wash.: write Cpl. A. C. Leal. . . . Sgt. ALDEN CRONK, USMC, of New Haven, Conn.: write Cpl. Joe Darcy.

D. Sgt. ANTHONY DAVID: see *Message 3.†* . . . S/Sgt. CLINTON O. DEWITT, once in Hawaii: write Pvt. Gene Manley. . . . Pvt. GORDON DOWLING, once at Schofield Barracks, T. H.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Capt. A. M. DUXLER, India: write Cpl. Henry S. Lond.

F. Pfc. WILLIAM PADEN FINK of Larchmont Acres, N. Y., once at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.: see *Message 1.** . . . LEO FORMAN F1c: write W. T. Weston EM3c. . . . Cpl. WALTER B. FULLER of Roxbury, N. C.: write Lt. T. J. Hallman.

H. Pfc. PATRICK HANNON of Yonkers, N. Y., once at Truax Field, Wis.: see *Message 1.** . . . WILLIAM HEMPLE, once in Florida: write Pfc. Robert L. Menn. . . . 2d Lt. WILLIAM HILL of Chepachet, R. I., once in Kansas: write Sgt. William E. Fillo. . . . GENE and RAYMOND HISER: write Pfc. Raymond A. Del Vecchio. . . . HERBERT HOOPER S1c, once at Pearl Harbor: write Cpl. Charles M. Smith. . . . Pvt. THOMAS HUDSON of Stamford, Conn., once at Oahu, T. H.: write Pvt. Bernard Hoffman.

L. Pvt. VITO P. LAGIOIA, USMC, of Chicago, Ill.: write Cpl. Karofsky. . . . Sgt. LARRY LEACHMAN: see *Message 6.‡‡* . . . Pvt. WALTER LENNON of Sparkill, N. Y.: write Pfc. Michael F. Maltese. . . . Pvt. VICTOR A. LINDGREN of South St. Paul, Minn., once at Fort Benning, Ga.: write Cpl. Cliff Boche.

M. Pvt. ROBERT PATRICK MCCONAHY of Huntington, W. Va.: write Pvt. Lester Edwards. . . . Lt. JAMES (LEFTY) MCLAUGHLIN, once at Camp Croft, S. C.: write Lt. Meredith Havens. . . . Pvt. JAMES P. MCMALLEY, Aleutians: see *Message 4.††* . . . Pfc. PETE MASUT, once in Australia: write Cpl. John A. Viano. . . . S/Sgt. LOUIS S. MEHL, once in Australia: write T-5 James L. Doody. . . . BUD MILLER, once at Camp Stewart, Ga.: write 2d Lt. William Keeler. . . . S/Sgt. Rex L. MOORE, once in Texas: write S/Sgt. Robert N. Richardson.

R. GLENN RIERSON of Leeds, N. Dak.: write Pvt. Ralph C. Johnson. . . . HARRY RIXON, Serv. Co., 160th Inf.: write Pvt. George Childs. . . . LAWNDALE ROBINSON of Chicago, Ill.: write Pvt. Michael J. Ancona.

S. Sgt. PETER SAMSELL, once at Schofield Barracks, T. H.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Lt. ELIO SCOTTI: see *Message 3.†* . . . Pvt. LE ROY SEIRBERT, once at Shenango PRD, Greenville, Pa.: see *Message 4.††* . . . Pvt. STANLEY SHERMAN, once at Base Hosp., Westover Field, Mass.: write Cpl. John A. Dixon. . . . Pvt. EDWARD SKOVRAN, once at Shenango PRD, Greenville, Pa.: see *Message 4.††* . . . Cpl. CLEATUS SMITH: see *Message 6.‡‡* . . . Cpl. JOHN A. STERK, once at APO 302, New York: write Pvt. Frank A. Sterk. . . . Pvt. MURIEL STIGALL, once at Camp Stewart: see *Message 5.‡* . . . ROWEN S. STUFFER, once at Mitchel Field, N. Y.: write Lt. Robert L. Redmond.

T. TONY TARANTINO, once at USNTS, Sampson, N. Y.: see *Message 7.§* . . . EDDIE TOMAKOWSKI of Detroit, write: Pvt. Henry J. Osip.

**Message 1:* Write Salvatore A. Chiodo.
***Message 2:* Write Pvt. Stanley Dereniowski.
†Message 3: Write Lt. Peter J. Mamakos.
††Message 4: Write Pvt. George L. Wiedecker.
‡Message 5: Write S/Sgt. Warren Pritchette.
‡‡Message 6: Write Pvt. William H. Glover.
§Message 7: Write Pvt. George Meyer.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

The following men want to trade shoulder patches: Lt. William O. Beasley, Engineer Officer, Cent. Sig. Corps Sch., Camp Crowder, Mo.; A/S John W. Foster, 333d CTD Sq. E, George Peabody College, Nashville 4, Tenn.; Cpl. Dora Ann Cessary, 1263 SCSU, ASF, Mason Gen. Hosp., W. Brentwood, Long Island, N. Y.; Sgt. Murray S. Kerner, QM Det., Bushnell Gen. Hosp., Brigham, Utah; Sgt. Ben Schneider, Hq. Bks., 2d Army Hq., Memphis 15, Tenn.; Cpl. S. J. King, Hq. Det., Prisoner of War Camp, Camp Gordon, Ga.; Cpls. Gloria Tipton and Lee Goble, AAF Wac Det., Truax Field, Madison 7, Wis.; Cpl. Robert A. Schmidt, Hq. Co., 89th Div., Camp Carson, Colo.; Sgt. William C. Pearce, 227th Chem. Dep., Camp Sibert, Ala.; Sgt. Bob Diedrich, 1101st Sq., Douglas AAF, Douglas, Ariz.; T-5 Lowell Young, c/o YANK; T-5 William Warren, Troop F, 101st Cav., Camp Ashby, Virginia Beach, Va.; Sgt. Robert Shelley, Troop D, 85th Cav. Rcn. Sq. Mec., Pine Camp, N. Y.; J. C. Edwards, Co. A, Chi Phi House, SCU 4433, ASTP, University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa.

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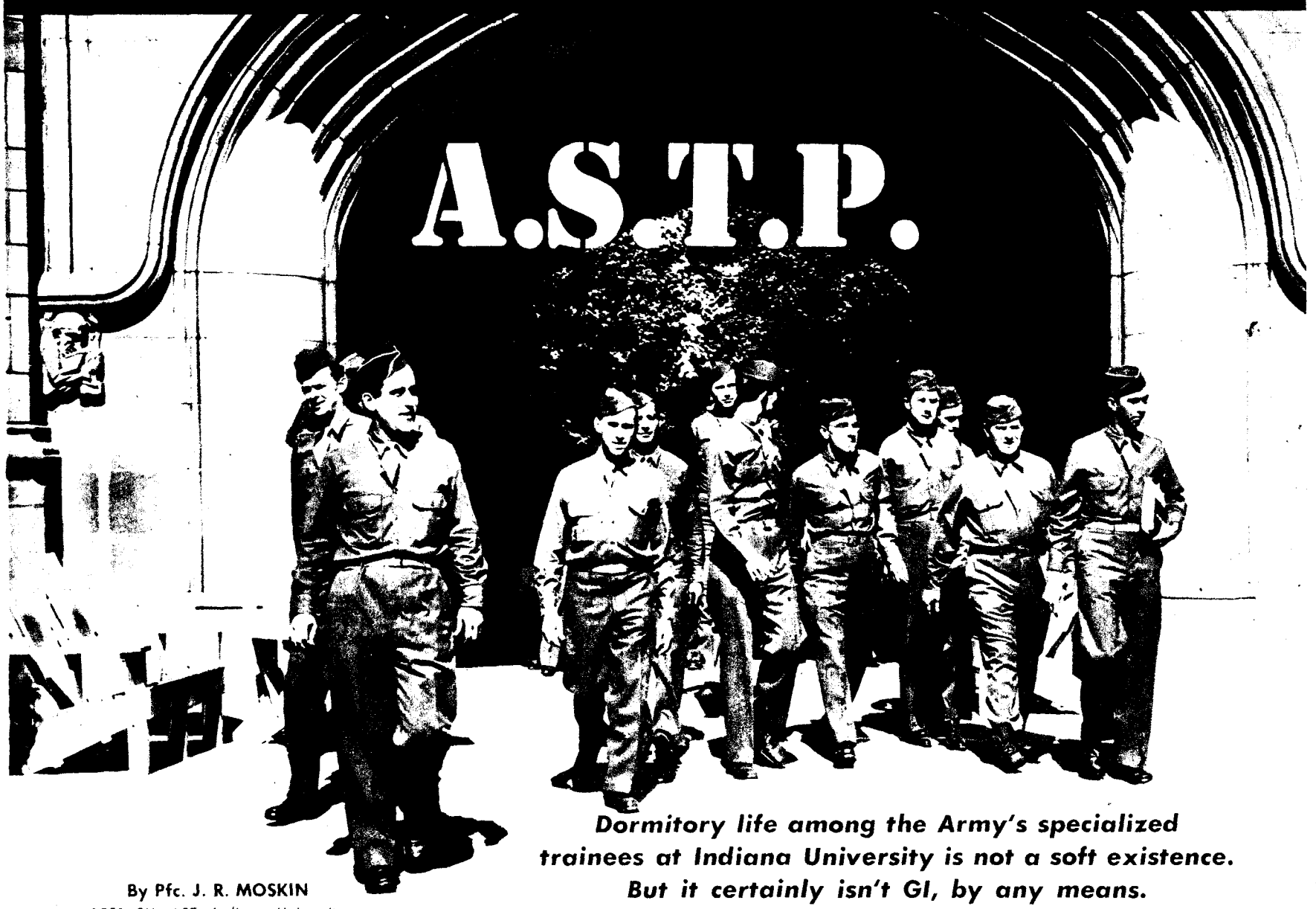
WHEN THE GONG RINGS, ASTP STUDENTS LEAVE THEIR DORMITORY-BARRACKS AND ASSEMBLE OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS TO MARCH TO CLASSES.



Dormitory life among the Army's specialized trainees at Indiana University is not a soft existence. But it certainly isn't GI, by any means.

By Pfc. J. R. MOSKIN
1551 SU, AST, Indiana University

BLOOMINGTON, IND.—More than 2,000 enlisted men are stationed here at Indiana University, racing through rapid-fire specialized training so the Army can use us some day as engineers, doctors or know-it-alls on life and language in such places as Turkey, Yugoslavia, Russia or Germany itself. We have been pulled out of posts from California to Massachusetts and represent every branch of the service from paratroops to chemical warfare.

Some of the men have served in foreign armies—for Hungary, for Poland. Johnny Beadle was torpedoed and spent nine days on a raft. Lou Safford is ready for his three-year-hitch stripe. Johnny Mirsch is a radar specialist. The bulk of us finished basic, maybe went through technical school or maneuvers, and then were switched here to the Army Specialized Training Program to study 10½ hours a day. Although the average is low, ages range between both extremes, from 18 to 38.

This life amounts to a crazy cross between the Army and college. Indiana University is the Big Ten school that was described by *Life* a year or so ago as not knowing a war was going on. She still has traces of peace days, with campus queens, formal dances and sorority teas. But we can't touch that stuff until Saturday night.

College in civilian days was never like this. No fraternity boy ever got up at 6, waited in line 20 minutes for breakfast on a tray and then marched to class. Classes once met three hours a week; now a course will run two and three hours every day.

But, of course, this isn't real Army, either. As a technical sergeant with two years of service says: "It's still the Army but it just ain't GI." A new lieutenant just back from Alaska confessed: "I have been here 10 days now and haven't gotten over the shock yet."

The switch from camp to IU is pretty brutal, almost as bad as the one from civilian life to Camp Upton. Back there we learned that initiative is bucking and that goldbricking is the way of camp life. Now we have to take it all back and beat our brains out to stay in the program. Only two things count: get good marks and stay vaguely on the GI ball.

Actual physical training in the ASTP has been cut to about seven hours a week. There is no time for prolonged drill sessions or road marches. But none of us puts on weight. Gym periods every other day and the slam-bang routine do not allow it. After the first call at 6, classes run solidly from 8 to 5 o'clock with one hour out for noon chow; then there is required study from 7:30 until 10 and lights out at 10:30.

So we come to live from week end to week end, even though Saturday night can only be spent in a handful of ways—maybe a show or a dance, the rounds of the four on-limits bars on the town square or, as a last resort, a Greyhound to Indianapolis, which is already overcrowded with GIs. Bloomington's square is jammed on Saturday night, but life is peaceful and MPs are unknown. Our only major gripe is having to pay civilian prices on Army pay.

Sex here divides into three categories according to popularity: the co-eds, the 1,000 Waves studying storekeeping on the campus and the town girls from the RCA plant. The co-eds are a bit young perhaps but plenty alive. Navy restrictions send service girls, Cinderella-like, to lonely beds at midnight on the precious Saturday nights. But the Waves move in and out of IU so fast you don't have to worry about long-standing emotional complications anyway. Our real hope in this wilderness is the seven-day furlough the War Department promises us every three months.

Life day by day centers around the dormitories. The area and language and the pre-med students live in a string of converted fraternity houses, and headquarters, the engineers and the 17-year-old AST Reservists are located in what was a girls' quadrangle before last spring. The Navy got here first by almost a year and grabbed up the men's dormitories. So the Army had to be satisfied with bathtubs instead of showers.

For most part the trainees run themselves by a smooth-functioning cadet system. Cadet officers march the men, head the reviews and take charge of supply and mail call. Then there is an elected 25-man Cadet Student Council, which meets with the colonel once a week.

Col. Raymond L. Shoemaker, head of the 1551st Service Unit here and in Indianapolis, figures his men should be trained for responsible tasks in the future by active learning now. The cadet system is the result, plus help by the trainees in military teaching and administrative work under Lt. Col. Charles M. Munnecke, the plans and training officer. Whether they end up with bars or stripes, the trainees are supposed to know something useful about the Army when they have finished with ASTP.

THE main gripe of the town's civilians is that Washington keeps the Army too busy to play intercollegiate football. Instead, after supper, the men play inter-company games with old college equipment. These draw crowds as large as the Saturday sessions of the varsity.

Some of the men in the unit write and edit a weekly page called "The Service Student" in the college newspaper. Others have organized military and swing bands, a chorus and variety shows. The trainees attend dances, join the Men's Union and get along pretty well with the civilian students. This is to be expected, for many of us, though by no means all, have had at least a year of college. Some have a string of degrees. Others never saw a campus before.

For all of us here, the ASTP is proving the experience and the chance of a lifetime. For the Army it promises to be a source of carefully trained soldier-specialists as the storming of the enemy fortress gains momentum. Meanwhile, we may chant, "Tear down your service flag, mother, your son's in the ASTP," but we find the book grind severe enough to counterbalance the pleasures of life in a college town.

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Pin-up

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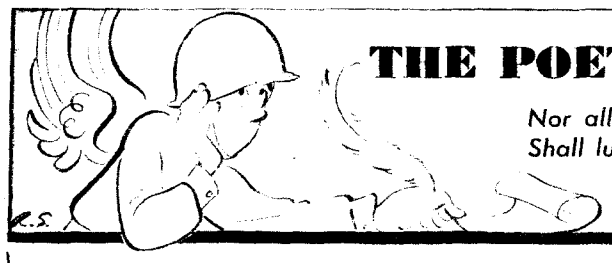
Evening Report

Loretta Young

HOLLYWOOD. Alan Ladd returns to the screen in "And Now Tomorrow," in which he will share starring honors with Loretta Young (*above*). . . . Eleanor Powell has been signed for the lead in "Sensations of 1944." Other castings include W. C. Fields, Woody Herman and Cab Calloway. . . . Phyllis Thaxter, stage actress, has been signed for an important role in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." . . . Jean Heather, young co-ed discovery, has been given her first starring assignment in "National Barn Dance." . . . Marie Wilson will enact a campus siren in "You Can't Ration Love." . . . Ruth Hussey will be Pat O'Brien's leading lady in "Marine Raiders." . . . Wally Brown and Alan Carney will have the comedy leads in "Seven Days Ashore." . . . Jane Frazee, co-starring with Joan Davis in "Beautiful But Broke," has been signed to a three-picture contract. . . . Charlie Ruggles goes into the cast of "Incendiary Blonde" in a gambler's role. . . . Singer Frank Forest returns to the screen after a five-year absence to do "Take It Big" for Paramount. . . . Lucille Watson plays the role of the Mother Superior of the French hospital in "Tomorrow's Harvest," which stars Maureen O'Hara and Ray Milland. . . . Aurora Miranda, sister of Carmen, has been inked by Walt Disney for a featured role in "The Three Caballeros," which combines live action with cartoons.

COAST TO COAST. James Thurber is taking the *New Yorker* magazine as the subject of his next play. . . . Problem facing Frank Sinatra and the managers of the theaters in which he will appear is how to uproot Frankie's youngster fans after each performance. . . . The Hartmans have replaced Sinatra at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Wedgwood Room. . . . "Life With Father," which has been running continuously at the Empire Theater in New York since 1939, has grossed $3,170,200. . . . June Walker missed the final performance of her road unit's "Life With Father" in Pittsburgh because of ptomaine poisoning. . . . The Army will have given back 100 hotels to their owners in Miami Beach by Jan. 1. . . . New off-duty unit added to the training schedule at Camp Lee, Va., is the Ballroom Dancers Replacement Center; attendance is voluntary. . . . Fire destroyed the Casino Ballroom at Ocean Park, Los Angeles, causing an estimated $60,000 damage. . . . A total of 130 million records were pressed last year by the three major record companies. . . . Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus broke all-time attendance records with a three-day stand in Miami, Fla., and closed its 1943 season with a two-day engagement at Tampa. . . . Arcadia Rink, Detroit, is getting a face-lifting, with the new color scheme strictly patriotic. . . . The Andrew Sisters are due at the Chicago Theater, Chicago, next month.

THE borough of Brooklyn, N.Y., takes pride in many things: the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Brooklyn accent, trolley cars, the Coney Island hot dog. Lately it has taken special pride in the accomplishments of its native daughter, Lena Horne, the girl across the way, who looks and sounds much better than anything mentioned above. Lena's latest movie for MGM is "Broadway Rhythm."



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

MY HEART

My heart is like a flower seed
In a jar upon a gardener's shelf;
It is so useless a thing alone by itself,
Yet it will keep when autumn and its winter come;
And then perhaps in spring
Some gentle hand will take it down
From its sad corner of the shelf
And plant it in the blessed ground;
And it will drink the sweetness of the rain
And feel the warmth of sun.

India —Sgt. CARLYLE A. OBERLE

ODE TO A GUARD

The guard patrols his lonely post,
Finding comfort in the boast
That he alone of all his station
Bears the burden of the nation.

Hears a crunch upon the ground,
Quick as lightning turns around,
Then he grins and feels absurd—
His own footsteps he has heard.

Getting sleepy, names the states,
Whistles snatches, reckons dates,
Counts his steps and counts his turnings,
Figures out his yearly earnings.

Cheer up, sentry, after war
You'll be trained for jobs galore:
Summons server, tax collector,
Postman, cop or bank protector.

I can see you walking floor
For a big department store;
Running wife's errands maybe,
Walking round the room with baby.

And if you should get restless for
Certain features of the war,
Button up your collar tight
And walk around the block all night.

Fort Custer, Mich. —Pvt. MARTIN WELDON

QUERY?

The purity of Army names
Brings forth this pond'rous question:
Will Gen. Patton then be called
"Aged Plasma and Intestine"?

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pfc. ROBERT NICOLAI

THE CADENCE BLUES

Oh, listen to the gripers sound
In voices piped and tinny;
Their bitching trails the world around
From Iceland to New Guinea.
They gripe about the terrible heat,
Bemoan the lack of beer;
But me, I like it overseas
Where nevermore I hear
That horrible chant, the sergeant's roar,
Hut—two—three—four.

Sometimes the tropics drive men mad,
The heat, the toil, the strife,
And though the fever's plenty bad,
Still I enjoy this life,
Where never a cadence count invades
The quiet, peaceful shore.
I ask, I beg, implore
No more to hear, no, nevermore:
Hut—two—three—four.

New Guinea —Sgt. JOHN READEY

UNRELATED CONCLUSIONS

Any given part of Lana Turner
Is what is known as "cooking on the front burner."

A Flying Fort with a broken rudder
Is as useless as Elsie without her udder

Maxton AAB, S. C. —Cpl. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

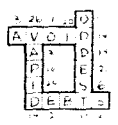
TOO MANY POINTS?

Be-dewed, be-dipped, befuddled and be-beered,
I sit here thinking, absent love, of thee
In idioms in which I have been reared—
The ultimate in numb civility.
When in recorded time did that evoke
The slightest trace of a responsive fire?
What could such rheumy romance do but choke,
Before its birth, the wellspring of desire!
Ah, devil a heart was ever won this way,
And devil a heart by verses such as these.
So slowly I bestir my maudlin clay
And drain my glass down to its very lees.
Then in the dregs I see your face a-glow:
I say, "You ought to diet, sweet, you know."

Ephrata AAB, Wash. —Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY

TEE-TOTAL

YANK's big Puzzle Kits will be given as prizes to GIs (and that includes all branches of service—Marines, Coast Guard, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you haven't tried this word game before, start now.



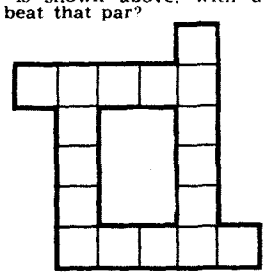
Simply fill in the diagram with three good English words. Names of persons or places cannot be used. Add up the number values of the 17 letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use words which contain letters of high value.

In adding your score count each of the 17 letters in the diagram only once.

A sample work-out is shown above, with a score of 178. Can you beat that par?

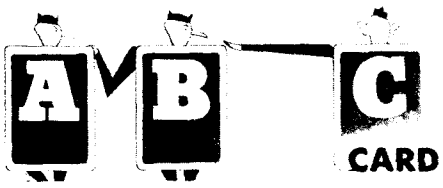
LETTER VALUES

A	3	N	5
B	17	O	1
C	7	P	16
D	14	Q	4
E	2	R	12
F	11	S	6
G	19	T	13
H	22	U	15
I	20	V	26
J	9	W	25
K	24	X	21
L	8	Y	10
M	18	Z	23



Score ..... Submitted by:

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on page 22, Jan. 21, 1944, issue.



CARD SENSE

GOT card sense? Then see if you can identify each card from the four clues given below. Par is five minutes.

1. To the left of a club there's at least one diamond.
2. To the right of a diamond there's at least one other diamond.
3. To the left of a king there's at least one other king
4. To the right of a queen there's at least one king.

(Solution on page 22)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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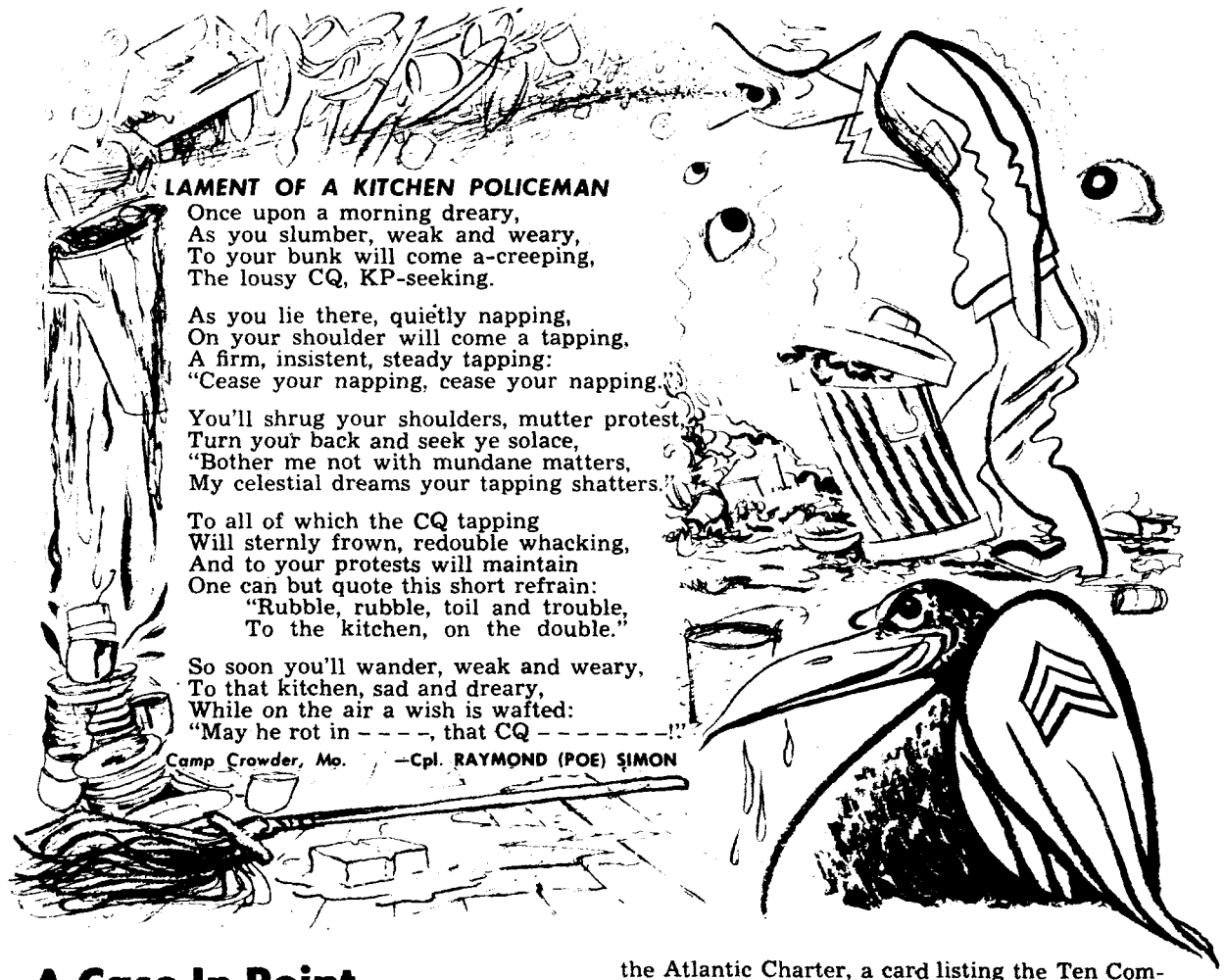
THE BALLAD OF NUMBER NINE

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up at
Number Nine PX,
Swigging down their three-point-two and bouncing rubber checks.
The stock was gone, the shelves were bare, the
only drink was brew;
The bottles went from hand to mouth and soon
the beer was through.
Now idle hands are Satan's joy and Satan likes
his games,
And soon the boys were crowding round and
bidding for the dames.
"What do I hear for the green-eyed skirt who
peddles shoe-shine sets?"
"What am I bid for the blond in blue who handles
cigarettes?"
The party got rougher as time went by and soon
became obscene,
When a GI angel with khaki wings appeared
upon the scene.
"Think," he cried, "of your girls at home; rob
not your GI brother!
"Remember the girl you're bidding for might
be somebody's mother."
He lifted his voice to dismiss the crowd, but lo!
the crowd had fled
With vows to leave that beer alone and stick to
pop instead.
With victory clear the angel smiled a smile both
glad and wise.
But Satan, smirking, pointed out: "The gals left
with the guys!"

Camp Swift, Tex. —T-5 JOHN W. GREENLEAF



LAMENT OF A KITCHEN POLICEMAN

Once upon a morning dreary,
As you slumber, weak and weary,
To your bunk will come a-creeping,
The lousy CQ, KP-seeking.

As you lie there, quietly napping,
On your shoulder will come a tapping,
A firm, insistent, steady tapping:
"Cease your napping, cease your napping."

You'll shrug your shoulders, mutter protest,
Turn your back and seek ye solace,
"Bother me not with mundane matters,
My celestial dreams your tapping shatters."

To all of which the CQ tapping
Will sternly frown, redouble whacking,
And to your protests will maintain
One can but quote this short refrain:
"Rubble, rubble, toil and trouble,
To the kitchen, on the double."

So soon you'll wander, weak and weary,
To that kitchen, sad and dreary,
While on the air a wish is wafted:
"May he rot in ----, that CQ -------!"

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Cpl. RAYMOND (POE) SIMON

POST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution appears this week, you will receive YANK's usual $5 base rate. If it's a slip, that will mean a more creative award.

VOICE

If the officers' quarters are near
And a voice there pleads and beseeches,
It's only the chaplain you hear,
Practicing what he preaches.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

NOTE

I've learned to expect it
And no need to blow up:
Girls who date soldiers
Often don't show up.

Rome Army Air Depot, N. Y. —Pfc. ARTHUR PECK

"I understand he's a latrine orderly, whatever that is."
—Sgts. Bob Bowie and H. Weisman, South Pacific

A Case In Point

PRIOR to my visit to their unpretentious $95-a-month bungalow, my interest in the Jethro Willingbys was of a detached nature, but since the visit I have pondered their case quite seriously. Frankly, I am a little fearful the Willingbys have given me a gander into the future, a sort of preview of things to come.

Six months ago Jethro was battery clerk in my outfit at Camp Swale, La. As soon as he made corporal he and Aux. Mergatroyd Potts of the WAAC detachment were spliced at the post chapel. They honeymooned for three days at the guest house. Some of the boys thought that was a dumb honeymoon, but Jethro assured me at chow one day that it was really some pumpkins. Cozy and all that.

Well, it wasn't long before Willingby came up for medical discharge. Pes planus and scoliosis, the sawbones said. About the same time, Mergatroyd accepted an honorable discharge from the WAAC, and the young couple found themselves chuffing toward the old home town in mufti, civilians.

I happen to live in the same town, and it was while on furlough a couple of weeks ago that I visited the Willingbys. Our acquaintanceship began in the Army and wasn't what you'd call close, but you know how furloughs are these days; your friends aren't around, so you cultivate acquaintances.

Mergatroyd answered the door. She was cordial as could be when she saw who it was, and called Jethro, who dropped an armful of comic books to shake hands with me. After the usual pleasantries we repaired to the living room where I saw the first sign. Smack dab in the middle of one of the walls was this admonition, neatly framed:

NOTICE
THIS IS OUR HOME
HELP KEEP IT CLEAN
USE ASH TRAYS

"Mergy and I brought the idea home from Camp Swale," Willingby explained. "We got signs all over the place, just like in the Army. How d'you like the one above the phone?" I glanced toward the telephone stand. Over the small walnut table was a picture of a T-bone in a frying pan, smoking to beat hell, and the legend was: IDLE GOSSIP ONCE RUINED A STEAK.

Then Jethro took me out in the hallway and pointed out something I hadn't noticed—a bulletin board. Obviously he and Mergatroyd were proud of the board. One side was devoted to current poop, such as:

Laundry goes out at 8:30 A.M. Monday.
The girls will be here for bridge Tuesday evening.
Yard will be raked Sunday A.M.
Jethro, remind me to gig the milkman.

The other side of the board, true to Camp Swale tradition, was strictly eyewash. It included a picture of the Willingbys' pastor, a list of OCD regulations, rationing schedule, copy of the Atlantic Charter, a card listing the Ten Commandments, and a photo of Gabriel Ragdale, Republican candidate for mayor.

Of course the Willingbys escorted me through the house. There were signs in every room, most of them just plain black and white.

About the buffet in the dining room was the bold-faced reminder on food conservation: TAKE ALL YOU WANT, BUT EAT ALL YOU TAKE.

The kitchen, small but utilitarian and tidy, was marred by a large sign which read: TIN CANS WILL SPEED THE VICTORY, illustrated with the likeness of a smashed-up tomato can.

LET'S KEEP THIS LATRINE CLEAN, said a sign in the bathroom.

In all, I counted 38 signs in the Willingby home.

My point is this: If the Willingbys, who were never especially GI, have taken the placard plague into civilian life with them, what on earth *kind of affectations will others, more imbued* with service ideas, take home with them?

For example, there is a definite possibility that the mess sergeant will make his wife break the garbage down into five or six subdivisions, that the platoon sergeant will send his kids off to school in mass formation, that the supply sergeant will demand a memo receipt of his wife when he brings home the groceries, that the latrine orderly will lock the growler door between 7:30 and 8 A.M. Saturday mornings. Et cetera, ad infinitum.

I certainly hope the Willingbys do not represent a trend. Life used to be so simple, so beautiful.

AAA, Buffalo, N. Y. —S/Sgt. JOHN J. BURNS

OBSERVATIONS OF A JAUNDICED EYE

Army life
Needs a wife.

Army regulations
Forbid vacations.

Army sergeants
Are hard gents.

Army pay
Is hay.

Army medics
Need orthopedics.

Army mess
Is nothing less.

Army beer
Is often near.

Army life
Needs a wife.

University of Pittsburgh, Pa. —A/S JAMES DENNIS

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CARD SENSE. A—queen of diamonds. B—king of diamonds. C—king of clubs.

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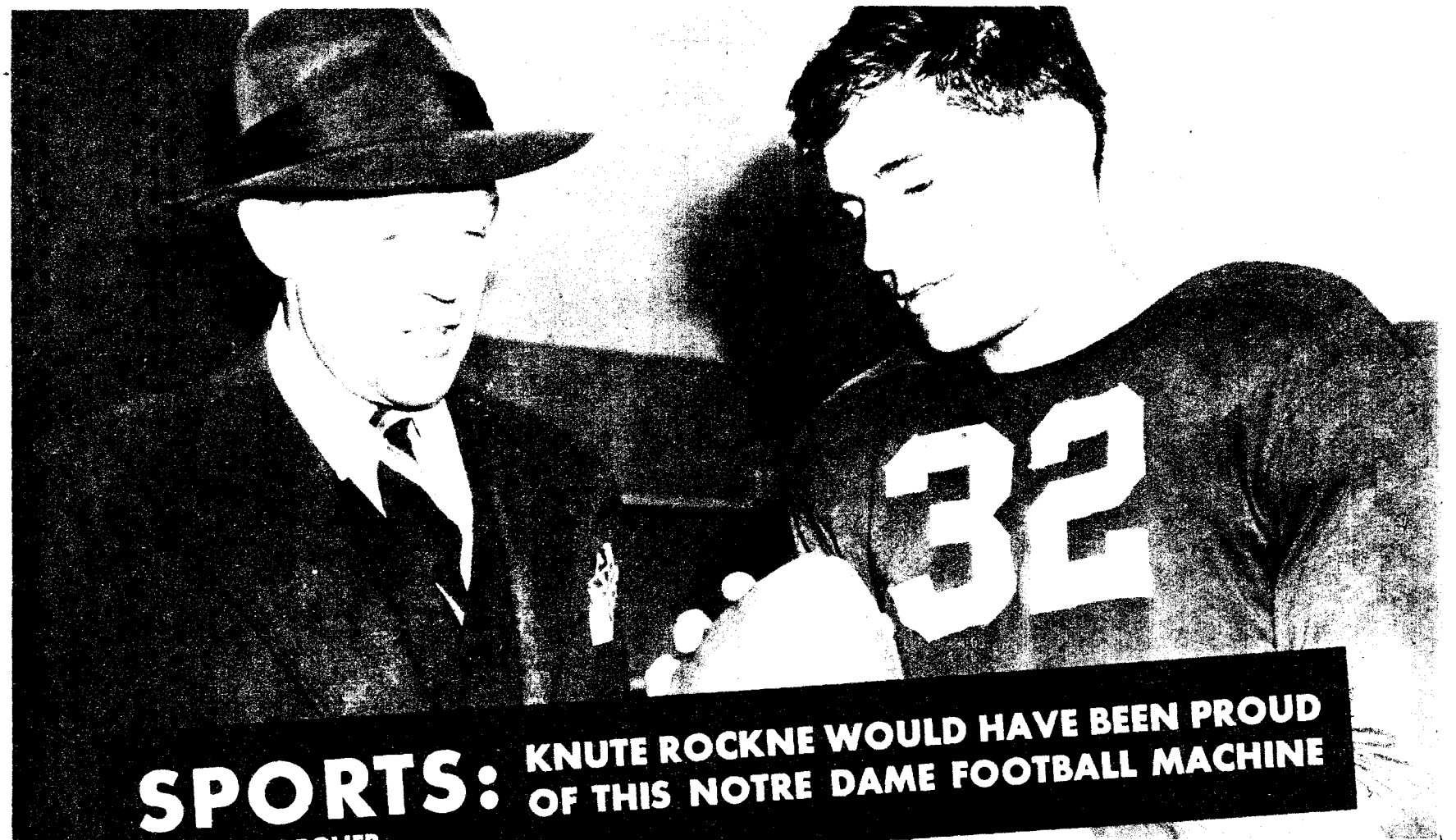


SPORTS: KNUTE ROCKNE WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF THIS NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL MACHINE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Leahy and Lujack: They both believed Lujack would be a success.

KNUTE ROCKNE would have liked this Notre Dame football team. It was his kind of ball club: big, swift, poised and powerful enough to knock your brains out.

Rock would have loved that youngster, Johnny Lujack, who came in after the Navy game as Angelo Bertelli's replacement. He's definitely the Rockne type. The old man preferred his quarterbacks cocky, especially when they sincerely believed in themselves. When the game started, Rock used to let Frank Carideo run the show. Lujack fits into the same pattern. He has the same assurance, the same feel of confidence that's typical of all great quarterbacks.

There was a little scene in the Notre Dame dressing room after the Navy game that Rockne would have enjoyed. Bertelli was departing for the Marines and Coach Frank Leahy, fearing that the pressure might be too much for Lujack, called the kid aside to comfort him.

"Johnny, you have a great responsibility in the next four games," Leahy began. "You're going to make mistakes, and I want you to know I expect them. We all make mistakes. But when it happens, forget about it. I have faith in you. I think you'll be an outstanding success."

Lujack looked Leahy straight in the eye and said calmly: "I think so, too."

You know the rest of the story. Lujack, with exactly 20 minutes of varsity experience behind him, was a tremendous success in the Army game. Sergeants and corporals who had bet their wives' allotments on Army and lost went home muttering, "Who's this guy Bertelli anyhow?" But the Army team wasn't as impressed. They said Lujack had one glaring weakness—that he couldn't pass while lying flat on his back.

Just for the records, we might tell you that without lying on his back Lujack completed eight out of 16 passes against Army, two good for touchdowns. He also exploded through the Army team for another touchdown on a quarterback sneak and prevented an Army score by diving under a blocker to haul down Carl Anderson. Some people have been generous enough to say that was the greatest defensive maneuver of the season.

Rockne would rub his eyes at the sight of Creighton Miller rumbling down the field like a wide-open jeep. Miller has that same clear-cut, compelling quality about his running that Marchie Schwartz and Joe Savoldi had. And there's Jim Mello, Vic Kulbitski, Julius Rykovich and Bob Kelly. . . . Rockne would swear that Leahy has been letting these boys practice with the Chicago Bears.

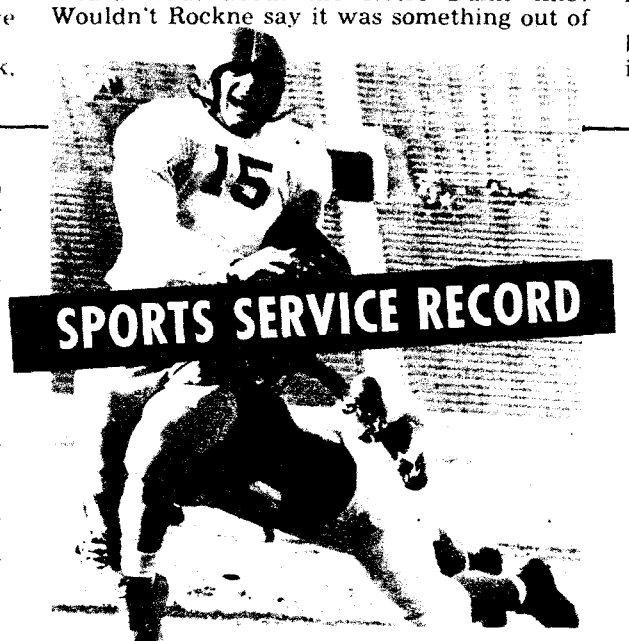
And what about the Notre Dame line? Wouldn't Rockne say it was something out of this world? And wouldn't Rockne's body ache all over out of sheer sympathy every time these guys went to work on the enemy?

If Rockne looked long enough he would probably recognize Capt. Pat Filley, the guard. As a kid in South Bend, Pat was always hanging around Rock's practice sessions. Rock would be convinced now that the boy must have been listening to him, because he plays guard as though he invented the position.

Jim White, the tackle, is another boy who would be sure to click with Rockne. The old man would especially have liked Jim's piece of grand larceny in the Army game when he calmly stole the ball away from Glenn Davis to set up ND's second touchdown.

If you could pin Rockne down and ask him to name the player he liked most in the line, he would very likely tell you Jumbo Yonakor, the giant, pass-catching end. Jumbo has that confidence that pleased Rock so much. In the Navy game he played opposite Don Whitmire, who was an All-Southern tackle at Alabama before coming to Annapolis. During the second half Jumbo needled Whitmire constantly by asking him: "Which way do you want us to turn you now, Mr. All-American?"

It was Rock's kind of ball club, all right, but not because it was great. Rather, because it knew it was great.



Southern California's Dreblow is slowed down, then spilled by Crawford of March Field as the Flyers tramped USC, 35-0. The next day twice-beaten USC was named to meet Washington in the Rose Bowl.

EVERYBODY was so busy raving about **Sid Luckman** throwing seven scoring passes to break Sammy Baugh's record that nobody noticed that, only the day before, **Glenn Dobbs**, former Tulsa All-American, now playing for Randolph Field, Tex., broke the same record by throwing seven touch down passes against the Ward Island Marines... Here's a story that goes back to the World Series. After the final game in St. Louis, **Bill Dickey** crowded into the same elevator with **Shirley Povich**, the Washington sports writer. An Army corporal pushed his way in beside them. "Hi ya, Bill," said the corporal. "I don't know whether you remember me." Dickey looked him over and said: "Sure I remember you. We used to pitch to you high and inside. When we pitched outside, it was boom, the ball game. Say, what's your name, anyhow?" The corporal's name was **Joe Gantenbein**, and just as Dickey recalled, he could really murder an outside pitch when he played for the Athletics. . . . Uniforms for the Army and Navy football teams playing in Bermuda's second annual Lily Bowl game are being supplied by Fordham University, which abandoned its football team this year.

Inducted: **Ken Sears**, second-string Yankee catcher, into Navy; **Mickey Witek**, Giant second baseman, into Coast Guard; **Jimmy Bloodworth**, Detroit second baseman, into Army; **Bobby Cifers**, high-scoring schoolboy football star from Kingsport, Tenn., into AAF; **Hi Bithorn**, Chicago Cub pitcher, into Navy; **Hank Gornicki**, Pittsburgh pitcher, into Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Rip Sewell**, Pittsburgh pitcher and inventor of the ephus pitch; **Jimmy Wasdell**, outfielder-first baseman of Philadelphia Phils; **Bud Metheney**, second-string Yankee outfielder. . . . *Deferred:* **Bill Cox**, owner of Philadelphia Phils. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Oris Hockett**, Cleveland outfielder; **Spud Chandler**, Yankee pitcher and American League's most valuable; **Jim Bivens**, Negro heavyweight contender; **Tommy Bridges**, Detroit pitcher; **Connie Mack Jr.**, son of the owner-manager of the Athletics; **Ron Northey**, right fielder of Philadelphia Phils. . . . *Discharged:* **Myril Hoag**, former Yankee outfielder, because of severe headaches and dizzy spells. . . . *Commissioned:* **Sid Luckman**, of Chicago Bears, as ensign in the Merchant Marine; **Marty Brill**, coach of Loyola University at Los Angeles, at first lieutenant in the Marines after being released from the Army as staff sergeant; **Patty Berg**, woman golf star, as second lieutenant in the Marines.

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"I HATE TO GO HOME ON FURLOUGH. MY WIFE AND I DO NOTHING BUT FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT ALL DAY LONG."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"HEY MAC, WHERE'S THE REPLACEMENT POOL?"
—Cpl. Hugh F. Kennedy

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-Sgt. Bill Newcombe

"COULDN'T USE A CLEVER LITTLE SABOTEUR, COULD YOU?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

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